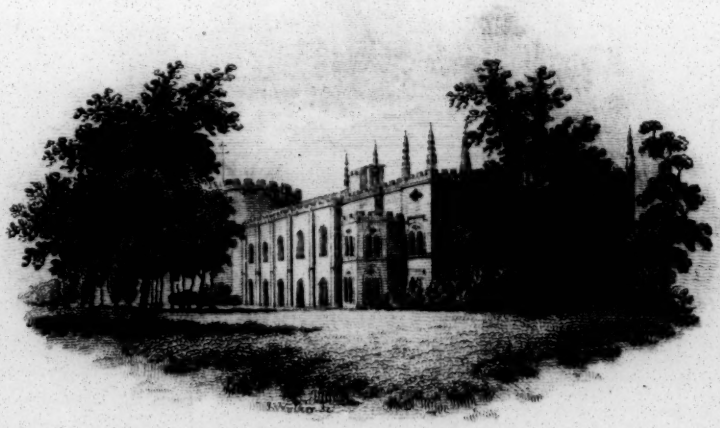
WALPOLIANA.

VOL. II.

Fari quæ Sentiat.

Second Edition.



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WALPOLIANA.

I. FRENCH NATIONALITY.

THE Abbé Raynal came, with ſome Frenchmen of rank, to ſee me at Strawberry-hill. They were ſtanding at a window, looking at the proſpect to the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them ſaid in French, not thinking that I and Mr. Churchill overheard them, "Every thing in England only ſerves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill inſtantly ſtepped up, and ſaid, "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train-oil."

II. CRITICISM ON GRAY.

Gray ſhould not have admitted

"Ye towers of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,"

into his beautiful ode. "Towers of Cæſar" would have been unexceptionable. He goes merely on tradition, it is true; but we know that the Romans were not poſſeſſed of London, nor any part of this country, in the time of Julius Cæſar. Under Claudius they were. Tradition can never be alleged for an abſolute impoſſibility.

III. BRUCE'S TRAVELS.

Bruce's book is both dull and dear. We join in clubs of five, each pays a guinea, draw lots who ſhall have it firſt, and the laſt to keep it for his patience.

Bruce's overbearing manner has raiſed enmity and prejudices; and he did wrong in retailing the moſt wonderful parts of his book in companies. A ſtory may be credible when attended with circumſtances, which ſeems falſe if detached.

I was preſent in a large company at dinner,

ner, when Bruce was talking away. Some one aſked him what muſical inſtruments are uſed in Abyſſinia. Bruce heſitated, not being prepared for the queſtion; and at laſt ſaid, "I think I ſaw one *lyre* * there." George Selwyn whiſpered his next man, "Yes; and there is one leſs ſince he left the country."

IV. COLISEUM.

When I was at Rome the firſt time I went into the Coliſeum: it was ſtill ſo ſtupendous, that though a company of ſtrollers were acting, on a temporary ſtage, and their audience were ſitting on benches, the whole ſpectacle was ſo very inconſiderable, that it ſeemed remote, and not to be noticed in that vaſt area, of which it occupied a moſt trifling ſpace. Yet as ancient Romans were not taller than modern, it ſtruck me that the gladiators and actors muſt have appeared ſtill more diminutive to the original ſpectators from the elevated arches. They muſt have been like thouſands of flies, gazing at mites from an immenſe height.

* Same pronunciation as *lyar*.

V. EMPHATIC OATH.

Some time after the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and ſome of the council, for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the queſtion was upon the ſecurity for performance. After ſome particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother ſaid, "Is not the word of a king ſufficient ſecurity?" One of the duputies anſwered, "No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam."

VI. RIDICULE.

We have juſtly abandoned the maxim that ridicule is a teſt of truth. It is rather the moſt powerful weapon of vice, which has ſcarcely any other mean of attacking virtue, except ridicule and ſlander, well knowing the conſequence. *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.*

VII. THE FIRST STEP.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute: "The firſt ſtep is the only difficulty." This proverb

verb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company ſay that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues."—"I firmly believe it," anſwered the lady; "on ſuch an occaſion *the firſt ſtep is the only difficulty.*"

VIII. SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette of the Spaniſh court was the moſt ſevere in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was ſitting near a chimney, in which was ſo large a fire of wood, that he was almoſt ſtifled. Etiquette did not permit him to riſe, nor a common domeſtic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbad his interference, and the Duke of Uſſeda, maſter of the houſehold, was ſent for. He was gone out; and the flame increaſed, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was ſo heated, that next morning an eryſipelas of the head appeared,

and a relapſe of the fever ſoon carried him off.

IX. ETRURIAN WARE.

Concerning the Etrurian earthen ware ſee Plutarch's life of Publicola, where there is a long and curious paſſage mentioning a chariot made of earthen ware; a point of perfection to which it has not yet arrived among us.

X. LANGUET'S LETTERS.

I have read Lord Hailes's edition of Languet's epiſtles. There are ſome curious things, particularly his remarks on the Engliſh pronunciation of the Latin language.

XI. ERUDITION.

Erudition is excellent when managed by good ſenſe. But how often does it only increaſe a man's natural fund of nonſenſe? What do you ſay to the ſcholaſtic queſtion, *Si Deus ſcit quæ non ſciuntur?* Hobbes ſaid, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he ſhould have been as ignorant as they.

XII. ME-

XII. MEMOIRES DE GRAMMONT.

I find that, in the notes to the Strawberry-hill edition of the Memoires de Grammont, republiſhed by Dodſley, and of which I gave you a copy, I have fallen into ſome miſtakes for want of a proper genealogy of the Abercorn family.

[The following little memoir, remitted to the editor by an ingenious correſpondent in Ireland, will ſerve to rectify thoſe miſtakes, and will at the ſame time prove intereſting to the admirers of the Memoires de Grammont, perhaps the moſt witty and amuſing of literary productions. Mr. Walpole's chief errors occur p. 75 and 273, in which he ſuppoſes George to be the eldeſt ſon; and thus perplexes ſeveral of the anecdotes.]

" James, ſecond Lord Hamilton, married Mary, daughter of James II. and by her had James, third Lord Hamilton, firſt Earl of Arran. His ſon James was ſecond Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelheraut, whoſe eldeſt ſon James became inſane. John, the ſecond ſon, was created Marquis of Hamilton in 1599.

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"The third ſon, Claud, was, in 1585, created Lord Paiſley, and his eldeſt ſon, James, was made Earl of Abercorn in 1606. By Mariana, daughter of Lord Boyd, he had five ſons and three daughters.

"The three eldeſt ſons failing of iſſue, the title of Abercorn afterwards fell to the deſcendants of Sir George, the fourth ſon. (Alexander, the fifth ſon, became a count of the empire, and ſettled in Germany, where his poſterity ſtill remain.)

"Sir George Hamilton, fourth ſon of James, firſt Earl of Abercorn, married Mary *, third ſiſter to James, firſt Duke of Ormond

* "Her nieces, daughters of James, Duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Devonſhire, and Lady Elizabeth, ſecond wife of the Earl of Cheſterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. There are pictures of both in the preſent Earl of Ormond's caſtle at Kilkenny. Lady Cheſterfield was of a delicate form and low ſtature; her daughter married John, Earl of Strathmore.

"The ſcandalous chronicles of thoſe times charge her huſband, the Earl of Cheſterfield, with having cauſed her to take the ſacrament upon her innocence, reſpecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his chaplain to put poiſon into the ſacramental cup, of which ſhe died. His ſon, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife (father of Lord Cheſterfield the author), married Gertrude Saville, daughter

Ormond (ſhe died in 1680), and by her he had,

"1. James, groom of the bedchamber to Charles II. and colonel of a regiment. Being on board the fleet with the Duke of York, a cannon-ball carried off his leg, and he died the 6th of June, 1673. From him ſprings the preſent Earl of Abercorn.

"2. George, Count Hamilton, a marechal de camp in the French ſervice. He married Frances Jennings, ſiſter to the Ducheſs of Marlborough, and left three daughters; Elizabeth, wedded to Viſcount Roſs; Frances, to Viſcount Dillon; Mary, to Viſcount Kingſland.

daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and earl quarrelled, and the latter made his ſon bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourſe between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her father's "Advice to a Daughter:" her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote in the title-page, "Labour in vain." On her ſide, the lady made her ſervant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever ſhe dined or ſupped in company with her father-in-law, either at his own houſe or abroad, ſhe never would drink but of thoſe liquors, from her ſervant's hand, as a hint to the Earl, and ſociety preſent, of what his lordſhip was ſuſpected of having effected by a ſacred beverage."

"(By

" (By which laſt marriage the pictures I ſaw at Tarvey, Lord Kingſland's houſe, came to him. I particularly recollect the portraits of Count Hamilton and his brother Antony; and two of Madame Grammont, one taken in her youth, the other in an advanced age.)

" 3. The third ſon of Sir George was Antony, who followed King James into France, where he died a lieutenant-general.

" 4. Thomas, a captain in the ſea-ſervice, died in New-England.

" 5. Richard, died a lieutenant-general in France.

" 6. John, a colonel, ſlain at the battle of Aghrim.

" As Sir George Hamilton was governor of the caſtle of Ninagh in 1649, from that, and his affinity to the Duke of Ormond, it has been concluded that his children were all born in Ireland *.

* He afterwards went abroad, and did not return till the reſtoration, when he was created a baronet. Dougl. Peer. Sir George himſelf was probably born in Scotland. Any of his children, born between 1649 and 1660, may claim a foreign birth. *Edit.*

" He

" He had alſo three daughters.

" 1. Elizabeth, wedded to Philibert, Count de Grammont, by whom ſhe had a daughter, who became the wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford. Tradition reports that Grammont, having attached, if not engaged, himſelf to Miſs Hamilton, went off abruptly for France; that Count [George] Hamilton purſued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addreſſed him: " My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumſtance that ſhould take place before your return to France." To which Grammont anſwered, " True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your ſiſter; but I will inſtantly accompany you back to London, and rectify that forgetfulneſs." It is hardly requiſite to add, that the witty Count de Grammont is not recorded to have been a man of perſonal courage.

" 2. Lucy, married to Sir Donogh O'Brien, of Lemineagh.

" 3. Margaret, to Matthew Forde, Eſq. of Coolgraney, Wexford.

" (With his deſcendant at Seaford, county

county Down, I ſaw the picture of Count [George] Hamilton, dreſſed in the French uniform; the painting not near ſo good as that in the Kingſland family.)

"Frances Jennings, widow of Count Hamilton, was ſecondly married to Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. She died at his houſe in Paradiſe-row, Dublin, I think in the year 1736. Her death was occaſioned by her falling out of her bed upon the floor, in a winter's night; and being too feeble to riſe or to call, was found in the morning ſo periſhed with cold, that ſhe died in a few hours. She was of very low ſtature, and extremely thin; and had not the leaſt trace in her features of having ever been a beauty."

XIII. PUFF DRESS.

An old general uſed to dreſs in a fantaſtic manner, by way of puff. It is true people would ſay, "Who is that old fool?" but it is as true that the anſwer was, "That is the famous general ***, who took ſuch a place."

XIV. TRICK AGAINST LAW.

A Jew and a Chriſtian, both Italians, united their endeavours in a ſnuff-ſhop. On Saturday, the ſabbath, the Jew did not appear; but on Sunday he ſupplied the place of the Chriſtian. Some ſcruples were ſtarted to the Jew, but he only anſwered, *Trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno*, "When laws were invented, tricks were invented."

XV. VALUE OF JUSTICE.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his ſon, adviſed him never to work in vain, but to raiſe contributions on thoſe who wanted his aſſiſtance. "What! father," ſaid the ſon in ſurpriſe, "would you have me ſell juſtice?"—"Why not?" anſwered the father: "Is ſo ſcarce an article to be given for nothing?"

XVI. HISTORY.

The example of Sully ſhews that the ſtudy of hiſtory is practically uſeful to a ſtateſman, for he tells us, in his Memoirs, that he was much

much given to it; and he proved the firſt of all miniſters.

XVII. ODD MEDAL.

Vertue, in his manuſcripts, mentions a ſmall ſilver medal of Lucy, Ducheſs of Portſmouth, reverſe Cupid on a woolpack. I have not ſeen it.

XVIII. FURNITURE.

I like our old walnut-tree furniture as well as mahogany. But ebony was a luxury of our anceſtors. My ebony chairs in the Holbein room coſt me a handſome ſum, though not the moſt elegant of the kind.

XIX. AUTHORS.

Fletcher, in his Locuſtæ, has an odd line on authors:

> The gooſe lends them a ſpear, and every rag a ſhield.

XX. PREMATURE.

A man married a girl who brought him a child in ſix weeks. His friends rallying him,

and ſaying the child had come too ſoon, "You are miſtaken," anſwered he; "it was the ceremony which was too late."

XXI. FEMALE QUARRELS.

The *ſpretæ injuria formæ* is the greateſt with a woman. A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, aſked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I ſhall ſoon reconcile them."

XXII. CLEIRCAL SARCASM.

In ſome pariſh-churches it was the cuſtom to ſeparate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, ſtopped ſhort, when a woman, eager for the honour of the ſex, aroſe and ſaid, "Your reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," anſwered the prieſt; "it will be over the ſooner."

XXIII. MODEST DEATH.

I am fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him. He was told that an

an actreſs had died of the ſmall-pox. "Very modeſt!" exclaimed he.

XXIV. SMART EPISTLE.

The French civil wars often diſplay wit; ours are dull. The anſwer of the captain of Hume Caſtle to Colonel Fenwicke, who ſummoned it in the name of Cromwell, is, however, whimſical. I think I can turn to it. Here it is.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"I have received a trumpeter of yours, as he tells me, without your paſs *(he had forgot it, it ſeems, and left it behind him upon the table)*, to render Hume Caſtle to the Lord General Cromwell. Pleaſe you, I never ſaw your general, nor know your general. As for Hume Caſtle, it ſtands upon a rock.

"Given at Hume Caſtle, this day before ſeven o'clock. So reſteth, without prejudice of his native country,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN COCKBURN."

XXV. MAXIM

XXV. MAXIM OF WRITING.

We muſt ſpeak to the eyes, if we wiſh to affect the mind.

XXVI. HIEROGLYPHIC.

A farmer of the *gabelle* on ſalt had built a villa like a palace. Diſplaying it to his friends, it was obſerved, that a ſtatue was wanting for a large niche in the veſtibule. "I mean to put there," ſaid the farmer, ſome allegorical ſtatue relating to my buſineſs."—"You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed to a ſtatue of ſalt," anſwered one of his friends.

XXVII. FOOLS BY PROFESSION.

Our court-*fools* ceaſed with the reign of Charles I. L'Angely was the laſt in France. He was preſented by the Prince of Conti to Louis XIV. Being aſked why he never attended ſermon, he anſwered, "Becauſe I hate noiſe, and do not underſtand reaſoning."

XXVIII. ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

A French officer being juſt arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empreſs hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, aſked him if it were true that ſhe was the moſt handſome princeſs of her time? The officer anſwered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought ſo yeſterday."

XXIX. ALGAROTTI.

Algarotti is a lively and pleaſant writer, and ſometimes conveys his thoughts in elegant metaphor; for example: "Lo ſtile di Bacone, uomo di altiſſima dottrina, abbonda di viviſſimi penſieri. Nella maggior profondita d'acqua, ſi trovano le perle piu groſſe." "The ſtyle of Bacon, a man of the moſt profound learning, abounds in moſt lively thoughts. In the greater depth of water the larger pearls are found."

XXX. ROMANCE TONGUE.

I find that it was about the ninth century that barbarous Latin began to give place to the

the modern languages of France, Spain, and Italy. The council of Tours, in the year 813, ordered the prieſts to preach in *romance*, that they might be underſtood by the people. We have an odd idea that the clergy did not preach before the reformation. The Roman Catholic clergy always preached, and do preach, in the vulgar tongue.

XXXI. RIDDLE.

The French delight to try the *eſprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he muſt carry, from one ſide of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage; and muſt not carry more than one of theſe at once. Which ſhall he take firſt, without the riſk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppoſe he carry the wolf, the cabbage is loſt—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarraſſment is equal; for he muſt riſk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other ſide of the river.

The anſwer is, he muſt take the goat firſt,

the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the ſecond paſſage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he tranſports the wolf, which may again be ſafely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

XXXII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Oct. 1784.

* * * * * * *

I AM much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expreſſions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the laſt I can only aſcribe to the goodneſs of your heart.

I have publiſhed nothing of any ſize but the pieces you mention, and one or two ſmall tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The reſt have been prefaces to ſome of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and ſome fugitive pieces, which I reprinted ſome years ago in a ſmall volume, and which ſhall be at your ſervice, with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With

With regard to the bookſeller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongſt which I do not doubt but he will generouſly beſtow on me many that I did *not* write, according to the liberal practice of ſuch compilers), and who alſo intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public, he muſt likewiſe be a volunteer contributor) it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent ſuch a deſign. Whoſoever has been ſo unadviſed as to throw himſelf on the public, muſt pay ſuch a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but happily the inſects that prey on carrion are ſtill more ſhort-lived than the carcaſſes were from which they draw their nutriment. Thoſe momentary abortions live but a day, and are thruſt aſide by like embryos. Literary characters, when not illuſtrious, are known only to a few literary men; and amidſt the world of books, few readers can come to my ſhare. Printing, that ſecures exiſtence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like thoſe caſes of Egyptian mummies which, in

catacombs, preſerve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are ſcribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody underſtands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be moſt wiſe to ſwim for a moment on the paſſing current, ſecure that it will ſoon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to beſpeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conſcious of no intrinſic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate ſpurious publications by a comprehenſive and authentic one, is almoſt as great an evil; it is giving a body to ſcattered atoms; and ſuch an act in one's old age is declaring a fondneſs for the indiſcretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the leſs excuſeable. It is moſt true, Sir, that ſo far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am perſuaded, that had I thought early as I think now, I

ſhould

ſhould never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illneſs, and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have drawn from reflection; and, beſides their ſhewing me the inutility of all our little views, they have ſuggeſted an obſervation that I love to encourage in myſelf from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practiſed the humiliating taſk of comparing myſelf with great authors; and that compariſon has annihilated all the flattery that ſelf-love could ſuggeſt. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the ſtandard that conſtitutes excellence; for the ſhades that diſtinguiſh mediocrity, they are not worth diſcrimination; and he muſt be very modeſt, or eaſily ſatisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an inſtant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine therefore, you find, Sir, is not humility, but pride! When young I wiſhed for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor conſidering in what lights fame was deſirable. There are two parts of

honeſt fame; that attendant on the truly great; and that better ſort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor diſcovered, till too late, that I could not compaſs the former. Having neglected the beſt road, and having, inſtead of the other, ſtrolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth ſeeking, I ſee the idleneſs of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark ſolicitude for trifles, which I think ſo myſelf.

I beg your pardon for talking ſo much of myſelf; but an anſwer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleaſure to ſpeak on yours. Forgive me if I ſhall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention, or are too impatient to execute it. A mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* ſources of meaſures. The preſent time is accuſtomed to details and anecdotes; and

and the age immediately preceding one's own is leſs known to any man than the hiſtory of any other period.

* * * * * * * * * *

Your obliged and obedient

humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XXXIII. DE CALLIERES.

The book of De Callieres, *De la ſcience du monde*, is very well written. It was the foundation, I believe, of the pamphlet called The Polite Philoſopher.

XXXIV. DANTE.

Dante is a difficult author. I wiſh we had a complete tranſlation in proſe, with the original on the oppoſite page, like the French one of the Inferno, printed at Paris in 1776.

XXXV. NEWS.

Renaudot, a phyſician, firſt publiſhed at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, ſo called from Gazetto, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of

of manuſcript news. In more early times our chief nobility had correſpondents abroad on purpoſe to write what were called "Letters of News."

XXXVI. ROTROU.

Rotrou's Venceſlas is the beſt of the French tragedies, anterior to Corneille. It ought to be reprinted, as it is only to be found in the ſcarce ancient edition, or in large collections.

XXXVII. D'HANCARVILLE.

That book of D'Hancarville's is very fooliſh. He is puzzled why all barbarous nations have ſimilar idols and cuſtoms; and yet is not puzzled at their all having two eyes and a noſe. The human mind and the human form are every where ſimilar. All nations find milk very uſeful; yet d'Hancarville is deplorably wiſe on the univerſal veneration paid to bulls and cows. A little good ſenſe is worth all the erudition in the world,

> And, though no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven.

XXXVIII. FRENCH ROYAL AUTHORS.

Louis XIV. tranſlated from Cæſar, with the aſſiſtance of his governor, "La Guerre des Suiſſes," Paris, 1651, folio, from the royal preſs of the Louvre.

By his ſucceſſor we have, "Cours des principaux Fleuves et Rivieres de l'Europe: ouvrage compoſé et imprimé par S. M. tres Cretienne Louis XV. Roi de France et de Navarre. Paris, de l'imprimerie du Cabinet de ſa Majeſté, 1718, 8vo."—"The Courſe of the chief Rivers in Europe, compoſed *and printed* by his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty Louis XV. &c. Paris, from the King's cabinet Preſs."

Philip of France, only brother of Louis XIV. tranſlated Florus, Paris 1670, 12mo. It was publiſhed by La Mothe le Vayer.

It is ſurpriſing that Louis XI. ſhould appear among the royal authors of France. He wrote, for the inſtruction of his ſon, "Le Roſier des Guerres;" a work divided into two parts, the firſt moral, the laſt hiſtorical. The firſt is in the form of maxims; for example:

"If

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"If

" If a king wiſh to raiſe pure hands to heaven, let him be contented with his own domain, and the ancient ſubſidies: the greateſt neceſſity of the public weal can alone authoriſe the impoſition of new taxes."

" When men formed communities, and built towns, and appointed maſters over them, it was only in order to obtain juſtice, and help againſt injuries: hence it is the prime duty of a king to prevent oppreſſion, and diſtribute juſtice."

XXXIX. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1786.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the notice, and your kind intentions. I have various copies of King Charles's collection; but the one you mention is probably more curious, and what I ſhould be very glad to have; and if I can afford it will give whatever ſhall be thought reaſonable; for I would by no means take advantage of the poor man's ignorance or neceſſity; and therefore ſhould wiſh to have it eſtimated by ſome connoiſſeur: and though the notes may be fooliſh,

fooliſh, they would not prejudice the information I ſhould like to get. I muſt go to town on Friday, and will call on you: and if you cannot be at home, be ſo good as to leave the MS. and I will bring it back to you the next day, or Sunday, as I return hither.

Yours ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XL. POISSARDES.

The *harangeres*, or fiſh-women at Paris, form a ſort of body-corporate. In the time of Louis XIV. the Dauphin having recovered from a long illneſs, the fiſh-women deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After ſome difficulties, the ladies were admitted by the King's ſpecial command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a ſort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We ſhould have loſt our all." The King meanwhile had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and *glory*, frowned at this ill-judged

ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, "True; we ſhould have loſt our all—for our good King could never have ſurvived his ſon, and would doubtleſs have died of grief." The naif policy of this unexpected turn was much admired.

XLI. HENRY VIII.

Your argument that Henry VIII. might have retained the church-lands, and thus have ſecured a great revenue, is well enough in theory. But, in fact, he could not have kept them; it was neceſſary to diſtribute them, in order to intereſt others in the ſupport of his innovations. I believe he forgot the northern peers; and this led to rebellions in the north.

XLII. USELESS READING.

Dr. Bentley's ſon reading a novel, the Doctor ſaid, "Why read a book which you cannot quote?"

XLIII. CHARLES I.

The beſt and moſt undoubted ſpecimen of the

the mental powers of Charles I. is his conference with Henderſon.

XLIV. HYPERCRITICISM.

Every thing has its place. Lord Hailes, who is very accurate himſelf, obſerved to me, that the chronology of the Memoires de Grammont is not exact. What has that book to do with chronology?

XLV. JOCKEYSHIP.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, uſed to viſit a peaſant, whoſe garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he aſcended the throne, this peaſant waited on him, and brought his little preſent, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary ſize. The king ſmiled, remembered his paſt pleaſures, and ordered a thouſand crowns to the peaſant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himſelf thus: "If this peaſant have a thouſand crowns for a turnip, I have only to preſent a fine horſe to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the ſame idea, he

loſes no time, but mounts one horſe, and leads in his hand a beautiful Barb, the pride of his ſtable. He arrives at court, and requeſts the King's acceptance of his little preſent. Louis highly praiſed the ſteed; and the donor's expectations were raiſed to the utmoſt, when the King exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in preſenting it to the *ſeigneur*, "Hold; this coſt me a thouſand crowns, and I give it you for your horſe."

XLVI. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 30, 1785.

As ſoon, Sir, as I can ſee the lady my friend, who is much acquainted with the Archbiſhop, I will try if ſhe will aſk his leave for you to ſee the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the liſt. I did aſk Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is; he told me with the Biſhop of Cheſter, and on an intended tour to the Lakes. I do not poſſeſs, nor ever looked into, one of the books you ſpecify; nor Mabillon's Acta Sanctorum, nor O'Flaherty's Ogygia.

My

My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that, perhaps, it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than Acta Sanctorum. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have, than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you, who I am sure would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare say, any thing you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvas to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations, unless for an opportunity of smiling at the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we

have of them; except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Biſhop Hoadley. He ſtands with me in lieu of what are called *The Fathers*; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his*; but as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been ſettled, I ſhall not return to ſuch grave ſtudies, when I have ſo little time left, and deſire only to paſs it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me ſanguine, I hoped mankind might be ſet right. Now that I am very old, I ſit down with this lazy maxim, that unleſs one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpoſe to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for ſome other. Self-intereſt is thought to govern every man; yet is it poſſible to be leſs governed by ſelf-intereſt than men are in the aggregate? Do not thouſands ſacrifice even their lives for ſingle men? Is not it an eſtabliſhed rule in France that every perſon

* A collection of his ſmall tracts and ſingle ſheets, preſented by himſelf to ſpeaker Onſlow.

ſhould

ſhould love every king they have in his turn? What government is formed for general happineſs? Where is not it thought hereſy by the majority to inſinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better at ſixty-eight leave men to theſe prepoſterous notions, than return to Biſhop Hoadley, and ſigh?

Not but I have a heartfelt ſatisfaction when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter ſacred truths, meets with approbation and purchaſers of his work. You muſt not, however, flatter yourſelf, Sir, that all your purchaſers are admirers. Some will buy your book, becauſe they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and becauſe they want to find matter in it for abuſing you. Let them; the more it is diſcuſſed, the more ſtrongly will your fame be eſtabliſhed. I commend you for ſcorning any artifice to puff your book; but you muſt allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another ſatisfaction in the ſale of your book; it will occaſion a ſecond edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting

miſquoters, you ſimply printed a liſt of their falſe quotations, referring to the identic ſentences, at the end of your ſecond edition. That will be preſerving their infamy, which elſe would periſh where it was born: and perhaps would deter others from ſimilar forgeries. If any rational opponent ſtaggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a ſecond triumph. I am, perhaps, too impertinent and forward with advice: it is at leaſt a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counſel. It is the weakneſs of old age to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you againſt myſelf, by confeſſing, that when I was young, I was not apt to take any.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XLVII. BEAUTIFUL PROVERB.

Proverbs not only preſent "le bon gros ſens qui court les rues," but ſometimes are expreſſed in elegant metaphor. I was ſtruck with an oriental one of this ſort, which I met with

with in ſome book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes ſatin."

XLVIII. ODD OBLIGATION.

The Duke of Roquelaure was one of thoſe who, as Madame Sevigné ſays, "abuſe the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a ſuit to offer, the Duke preſented him to the King, and urged his requeſt, ſaying he was under the higheſt obligations to the gentleman. The King granted the requeſt; then aſked Roquelaure what were thoſe great obligations. "Ah! Sir, if it were not for him, I ſhould be the very uglieſt man in your dominions." This ſally excited the royal ſmile, while the gentleman, with plain good-ſenſe, affected not to hear it.

XLIX. PEARLS.

We read more of pearls than of diamonds, in ancient authors. The ancients had not ſkill enough to make the moſt of diamonds;

and the art of engraving on them is not older than the ſixteenth century. The moſt remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spaniſh treaſury, called *The Pilgrim.* It was in the poſſeſſion of a merchant, who had paid for it 100,000 crowns. When he went to offer it for ſale to Philip IV. the king ſaid, "How could you venture to give ſo much for a pearl?" The merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleaſed with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

L. SELFISHNESS.

The reaſon why I admit no children with the companies that come to ſee my houſe, is, that I have had ſome trinkets damaged, nay, loſt. I thought of the Archbiſhop of Narbonne, who opened his fine gardens to the citizens, but ſtuck up notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all, and not of any individual. One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady, who was deſtroying a whole parterre to make her dear ſelf a noſegay. Calling

Calling a ſervant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown, to enable her to buy flowers. The damſel threw down her theft, and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another meſſage from the Archbiſhop, "That his garden was only open for thoſe *qui ſavoient vivre.*"

LI. LEGACY FORESTALLED.

A French peer, a man of wit, was making his teſtament: he had remembered all his domeſtics, except his ſteward; "I ſhall leave him nothing," ſaid he, "becauſe he has ſerved me theſe twenty years."

LII. MISTAKEN PIETY.

Some paſſengers were chatting idle nonſenſe to a parrot, hung out at a window, when a devout old lady came up: "O wickedneſs!" exclaimed ſhe: "why do you not teach him his creed?"

LIII. NOVEL.

I have read ſomewhere that La Comteſſe de Mortane, a novel in two volumes, by Madame Durand, is worth the peruſal.

LIV. KNOWLES.

Knowles's Hiſtory of the Turks is full of long orations, tranſlated from the Latin of Leunclavius. Conſidered as a hiſtory, it is a maſs of fables; in point of language, it is the dulleſt book in the world, with feeble periods of a page long.

LV. AMOROUS SAINT.

I am told that the life of St. Catherine of Sienna contains much curious and equivocal matter.

[The title is *Legenda della ſeraphica Catherina di Sienna.* Vinegie, 1556, 8vo.]

LVI. HARDOUIN.

Hardouin was a diverting madman. He thought moſt of the claſſics were forged by monks. So wrong-headed he was, that you may be ſure that what he aſſerts is falſe, and what he attacks is true. When he was inculcating his new doctrines of literary forgery to a youth, his diſciple, the latter aſked him what was to be thought of the ſcriptures, the canons, the fathers? After a long ſilence,

Hardouin

Hardouin anſwered, "Only I and God know the force of your objection."

LVII. SUCKING FATHERS.

Bouhours has written a little work called Ingenious Thoughts of the Fathers. There is hardly one worth repeating. Thoſe fathers reaſon like complete fools. I am convinced that in their time the human mind had become exhauſted and debaſed. The Platonic philoſophers of that period are no better reaſoners. Chriſtianity was certainly of all the ſyſtems then offered the moſt rational. Perhaps the philoſophic idea of the unity of God could never have met with acceptance among the people, except by the mean of Chriſtianity.

LVIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

Some time ago you ſaid you would be ſo kind as to give me a liſt of the writings of Lord Elibank. I have a mind to complete my account of royal and noble authors, for which

which I have amaſſed a great number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I ſhall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favour me with that liſt.

All I know of Lord Elibank's publications are the following:

1. Inquiry into the Origin and Conſequence of the public Debts.

2. Thoughts on Money, Circulation, and Paper Currency. Edinb. 1758.

3. A pamphlet on the Scottiſh peerage, 1771. I do not know the title.

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which being only written with a pencil is almoſt effaced; ſo that all that remains legible are theſe words, "Lord Lyttelton's correſpondents, Lord Elibank's anſwer to"——

I recollect that it alluded to ſome remarkable anecdote; but my memory grows ſuperannuated, and I cannot recover it. Have you any idea?

I do

I do not even know Lord Elibank's Chriſtian name; was it Patrick?

In 1778 I cut out of a newſpaper almoſt a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, Lord Elibank; and as he is there deſcribed as a very aged man, I conclude it was the lord I remember, who married the widow of Lord North and Grey, and was brother of Mr. Alexander Murray, impriſoned by the Houſe of Commons.

When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here (which I hope will be in about a fortnight, when I ſhall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to ſee it, trouble you with a ſight of my intended ſupplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute ſome additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haſte, for I only intend to leave it behind me, and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of Lord Elibank. I do not pretend to ſhew you any thing worthy of your curioſity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; but I am glad to lay you under a ſort of debt of communication,

tion, in which I am ſure of being greatly overpaid.

I can tell you what is truly curious; I have a liſt (over and above thoſe whom I ſhall mention, being dead) of at leaſt thirty living authors and authoreſſes. Would not one think this a literary age? As perhaps you was not aware of what a maſs of genius the Houſe of Lords is poſſeſſed—I ought rather to ſay, the peerage of the three kingdoms, and of all, except of two of the ladies (who are five), the works are in print, I will ſhew you the catalogue; nay, you ſhall have a copy, if you pleaſe, leſt ſo many illuſtrious names ſhould be loſt, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expreſſion. Books of peerage are like the precious ſpices that embalm corpſes, and preſerve the dead for ages.—Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LIX.

LIX. PREJUDICES.

Our paſſions, and prejudices ever miſlead us. There is a French *ben trovato* on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a teleſcope was borrowed, and the lady had the firſt peep. "I ſee," ſaid ſhe, "I ſee two ſhades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers."—"Poh!" ſaid the curate looking in his turn: "theſe two ſhades are the two ſteeples of a cathedral."

LX. EMPHATIC REPROOF.

I have heard of a general officer, who may be claſſed with the Archbiſhop of Granada. When he was about ninety years of age he was diſturbed with the noiſe of ſome young officers, diverting themſelves with ſome girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I give you?"

LXI. A WELL-DOER.

A father wiſhed to diſſuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who marries does well," ſaid he; "but ſhe who

who does not marry does better."—"My father," ſhe anſwered meekly, "I am content with doing well: let her do better who can."

LXII. IGNORANT NAIVETE.

An old officer had loſt an eye in the wars, and ſupplied it with a glaſs one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn he took out this eye, and gave it to the ſimple wench who attended, deſiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards ſtill waiting and ſtaring, "What doſt wait for?" ſaid the officer. "Only for the other eye, Sir."

LXIII. AMUSEMENTS OF WAR.

When Louis XIV. beſieged Lille, the Count de Brouai, governor of the place, was ſo polite as to ſend a ſupply of ice every morning for the King's deſſert. Louis ſaid one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wiſh he would ſend it in larger portions." The Spaniard anſwered, without heſitation, "Sire, he thinks the ſiege will be long,

long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhauſted." When the meſſenger was going, the Duke de Charroſt, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douai, who yielded like a raſcal." The King turned round laughing, and ſaid, "Charroſt, are you mad!"—"How, Sir!" anſwered he, "Brouai is my couſin."

In the Memoires de Grammont you will find ſimilar examples of the *amuſements* of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquiſhed the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they ſent next morning to demand their baggage; the King laughed, and ordered it to be returned, ſaying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earneſt."

LXIV. UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTAMENT.

Sainfrai, a notary of Paris, was ſent for to write the teſtament of a rich man, who deſired him ſo to word it that no room might be left for conteſtation among his heirs. "No room for conteſtation, impoſſible!" anſwered

anſwered Sainfrai. "Jeſus Chriſt, the wiſeſt of men, the ſon of God, drew up a teſtament, which has been conteſted for theſe ſeventeen hundred years, and will ever be conteſted. Can I hope to go beyond him?" So ſaying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

LXV. EQUITY.

I have read ſomewhere, I believe in Thuanus, that the inhabitants of a city ſtipulated with their ſovereign, that their judges ſhould not decide cauſes by equity. They deemed equity a mere pretext for abandoning the letter of the law.

LXVI. A COMMANDMENT.

The evening before a battle, an officer came to aſk Marſhal Toiras for permiſſion to go and ſee his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," ſaid the general, who ſaw through the pretext; "thou ſhalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

LXVII. FASHIONS.

It was about the year 1714 that two Engliſh ladies, viſiting Verſailles, ſet an example of low head-dreſſes to the French ladies, who at that time wore them ſo high, arranged like organ-pipes, that their heads ſeemed in the middle of their bodies. The king loudly expreſſed his approbation of the ſuperior taſte and elegance of the Engliſh faſhion; and the ladies of the court were of courſe eager to adopt the new form.

The ſame ladies are ſaid to have introduced the faſhion of large hoops in France; an abſurd cuſtom, which the delicate raillery of Addiſon could not extirpate.

LXVIII. METONYMY.

Scarlet and *purple* are terms ſometimes applied, by old French and Engliſh poets, to *fine cloth* of any colour, becauſe thoſe ſuperb colours had been originally confined to that ſort of cloth. Thus we read of white ſcarlet, and of green purple.

LXIX. DR. ROBERTSON.

Dr. Robertſon's reading is not extenſive: he only reads what may conduce to the purpoſe in hand; but he uſes admirably what he does read. His Introduction to the Hiſtory of Charles V. abounds with groſs miſtakes. In mentioning the little intercourſe among nations, in the middle ages, he ſays a prior of Cluny expreſſes his apprehenſions of a journey to St. Maur. He ſuppoſes the prior's ſimplicity a ſtandard of the mode of thinking at that time! In many other inſtances he has miſtaken exceptions for rules. Exceptions are recorded, becauſe they are ſingular; what is generally done eſcapes record. A receipt may be given for an extravagantly dear book, even now; but that does not imply that books are now very uncommon.

LXX. VALUE OF AN OATH.

A Norman was telling another a great abſurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jeſting," ſaid the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Chriſtian."—"Will you wager?"—"No,

" No, I won't wager; but I am ready to ſwear to it."

LXXI. STRANGE ERROR.

A tract of Father Paul has been recently publiſhed (his *Opinione toccante il governa della Rep. Veneziana*, Londra, 1788, 8vo.), with a pompous preface, ſaying that this invaluable work is now printed from an undoubted MS. This thing was printed a century and a half ago!

LXXII. APT QUOTATION.

Here is an antiquarian book for you! I have been dipping into it to my ſorrow. Moſt of them are narcotic, but this is irritating; for who can bear inſolence, mixed with falſe reaſoning on falſe foundations? I took down Lucretius to look at a quotation, and an applicable paſſage caught my eye. I have marked it:

——in fabrica ſi falſa eſt regula prima,
Normaque ſi fallax notis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua ſi ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendoſe fieri, atque obſtipa neceſſum eſt,
Prava, cubantia, prona, ſupina, atque abſona tecta,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle, ruantque
Prodita judiciis fallacibus omnia primis.

LXXIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-Hill, Auguſt 14, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

The new regulation of the poſt proves very inconvenient to this little diſtrict. It arrives and departs again in half an hour; ſo that having a viſit when I received your letter yeſterday, I could not poſſibly anſwer it then; nor can I write now expeditiouſly, as for theſe thirteen days I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the Jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland * in honour of the revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favourable ſymptom of an age when its feſtivals are founded on good ſenſe and liberality of ſentiment, and not to perpetuate ſuperſtition and ſlavery. Your countrymen, Sir, have proved their good ſenſe too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble, generous ſpirit congenial to the inſtitution.

* At Glaſgow, it ſhould have been.

Give

Give me leave to ſay, that it is very flattering to me to have the Ode communicated to me.—I will not ſay, to be conſulted, for of that diſtinction I am not worthy; I am not a poet; and am ſure cannot improve your ideas, which you have expreſſed with propriety and clearneſs, the neceſſary ingredients of an addreſs to a populous meeting, for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at Olympic taſte enough to ſeize with enthuſiaſm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inſpiration by adhering to the genuine topics of the occaſion; and you ſpeak in ſo manly a ſtyle, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve of it ſo much, that if you *commanded* me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would inſert but one more. In the ſecond ſtanza, for

Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot ſword,

I would rather read,

Here ever *flaſh'd*,

as I think *gleam'd* not forcible enough for the

thought, nor expreſſive enough of the vigorous ardour of your heroes. In the third ſtanza, I think, there wants a ſyllable, not literally, but to the ear;

And *ſlavery*, with arts unbleſt.

Slavery, if pronounced as three ſyllables, does not ſatisfy the fulneſs of harmony, and beſides obliges the tongue to dwell too ſtrongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line ſonorous.

Theſe are trifling criticiſms of a trifling critic, but they mark both my attention and ſatisfaction with your ode. I muſt add, how beautifully is introduced, *innocent of blood!* How ought that circumſtance to be dwelt upon at the Jubilee of the Revolution!

I will tell you how more than occaſionally the mention of Pindar ſlipped into my pen. I have frequently, and even yeſterday, wiſhed that ſome attempt were made to ennoble our horſe-races, particularly at Newmarket, by aſſociating better arts with the courſes, as by contributions for odes, the beſt of which

ſhould be rewarded by medals. Our nobility would find their vanity gratified, for as the pedigrees of their ſteeds would ſoon grow tireſome, their own genealogies would replace them; and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordſhips would have judgment enough to know if their horſe (which ſhould be the impreſs on one ſide) were not well executed; and as I hold there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horſe, no bad artiſt could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further, and the cups or plate for the prize might riſe into beautiful verſes. But this is a viſion; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing elſe. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myſelf you meant I ſhould keep.

Your much obliged, humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I muſt not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, eſpecially with ſo much eaſe as you have done; and nothing is more happy than *making November ſmile as May.*

LXXIV. FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

A preacher in Italy was pronouncing the panegyric of his favourite ſaint, the founder of his order. He compared him with all the celeſtial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever cloſed with the exclamation, "Where ſhall we place this great patriarch?" An auditor, whoſe patience was exhauſted, roſe up, and ſaid, "Since you are ſo puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going."

I do not know if it were the ſame preacher who ſaid St. Francis Xavier converted, by one ſermon, ten thouſand perſons in a deſert iſland.

Pere Seraphin, a noted capuchin of pious ſimplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Verſailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fenelon aſleep. Stopping in the midſt of his diſcourſe, he ſaid, "Wake that abbé who is aſleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the King." Louis ſmiled, and pardoned the diſreſpect, in conſideration of the father's ſimplicity of character.

LXXV. EMBASSADORS.

You remember Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an embaſſador, "A man ſent to tell lies for the good of his country." He ſhould of courſe have a firm countenance. Louis XIV. delighted in exciting awe and confuſion of face in thoſe who approached him, but could not ſucceed with Baron Pentrider, envoy from the emperor. When he was making his firſt ſpeech Louis was piqued at his coolneſs, and ſought to embarraſs him by calling out, "Speak louder, Mr. Embaſſador." Pentrider only anſwered, "Louder?" raiſed his voice, and proceeded.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the curious account of his own life which I printed, tells a good ſtory of a Spaniſh embaſſador, who had abandoned a congreſs becauſe he could not obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to court he waited on the King, and explained the reaſon of his conduct. "What," ſaid the monarch, "could you think of abandoning ſuch an important buſineſs for the ſake of a ceremony?"

mony?" The embaſſador, piqued at the reflection, anſwered, with great ſpirit, "A ceremony! What is your majeſty yourſelf but a ceremony?"

LXXVI. USE OF MONASTERIES.

An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici aſked that wiſe prince how it came to paſs that there were ſo few mad men at Florence, while the capital of Egypt preſented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monaſtery, ſaid, "We ſhut them up in thoſe houſes."

LXXVII. REPROOF.

Cardinal Dubois offered an abbey to a biſhop who refuſed it, becauſe he ſaid he could not reconcile to his conſcience the poſſeſſion of two benefices. The Cardinal, in great ſurpriſe, ſaid, "You ſhould be canoniſed." —"I wiſh, my lord," anſwered the Biſhop, "that I deſerved it; and that you had the power." A delicate reproach of his ambition.

LXXVIII. FRIENDSHIP.

In our cold climate friendſhip ſeldom ripens much. A friend is a name for a more conſtant acquaintance. Yet I have heard of a gentleman who laid down his equipage, and retrenched his expences, in order to lay by a ſum to aſſiſt two children of a deceaſed friend, who had left them in poverty.

LXXIX. GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Mr. Gibbon mentions that the palace of Theodoſius, repreſented on one of his coins, is the oldeſt ſpecimen of Gothic architecture. I doubt the coin and the palace. Perhaps the old ſhrines for reliques were the real prototypes of this fine ſpecies of architecture. Some, as old as Alfred's time, have pointed arches in miniature. It was a moſt natural tranſition for piety to render a whole church, as it were, one ſhrine. The Gothic ſtyle ſeems to beſpeak *an amplification of the minute*, not *a diminution of the great*. Warburton's groves are nonſenſe; it was not a paſſage from barbariſm to art, but from one ſpecies of art to another. The ſtyle was at firſt peculiar to ſhrines, and then became peculiar to churches.

LXXX. CONCUBINAGE.

Concubinage was lawful, and allowed by the canons of the church, till the 12th century. Our extreme rigour has, as uſual, propagated vice. Nothing can be more unjuſt than the want of any medium between the appellation of wife, and the moſt degrading contempt. Infamy and vice reciprocally produce each other.

LXXXI. PRINCE EUGENE.

Prince Eugene was at one time ſo great a favourite in England, that an old maid bequeathed to him 2500*l.*; nay, a gardener left him 100*l.* by his will.

LXXXII. RETORT.

The French like us better abroad than here. A French ambaſſador ſaid to Lord ***, "The Engliſh are excellent when out of their iſland." The peer anſwered, with great readineſs and ſpirit, "They have then at leaſt the merit of being excellent ſomewhere."

LXXXIII. NEW PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sir *** *** was a great amateur, nay, practiſer, of boxing and wreſtling; and willingly imparted his knowledge to thoſe who conſulted him. A lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet ſtarted his favourite topic. The peer's politeneſs leading him to ſay that he ſhould wiſh to ſee a ſpecimen of the baronet's boaſted ſkill, Sir *** ſuddenly ſeized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up ſtarts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addreſſed him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendſhip for you. This maſter-ſtroke I have ſhewn to no other perſon living."

LXXXIV. INCREDIBLE FACT.

The Abbé Regnier, ſecretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpoſe. The preſident Roſes, one of the forty, was a great miſer, but had paid his quota; which the Abbé not perceiving, he preſented

preſented the hat a ſecond time. Roſes, as was to be expected, ſaid he had already paid. "I believe it," anſwered Regnier, "though I did not ſee it."—"And I," added Fontenelle, who was beſide him, "I ſaw it; but I do not believe it."

LXXXV. LEGAL PUZZLE.

A preſident of the parliament of Paris aſked Langlois, the advocate, why he ſo often burdened himſelf with bad cauſes. "My lord," anſwered the advocate, "I have loſt ſo many good ones, that I am puzzled which to take."

LXXXVI. EASY WRITING.

Eaſy writing is not eaſy reading. An author was praiſed, in the preſence of a good judge, for the facility with which he compoſed; and it was added, that he was not the leſs modeſt on that account. "No," anſwered the critic, "that is not enough; he ſhould be the more humble on that account."

LXXXVII. BUSTS.

When Madame de Staal was writing her Memoirs, a female friend aſked her how ſhe would manage when ſhe came to characteriſe herſelf, her ſenſibility, and gallantries. "Oh!" anſwered Madame, "I ſhall give only a buſt of myſelf."

In our novels, memoirs, &c. &c. we are great dealers in buſts. The French, on the contrary, delight perhaps too much in whole lengths: but they have the merit of anatomiſing the whole of human nature, while our hypocriſies mutilate the figure, and deſtroy all its truth.

LXXXVIII. ENVY.

A French general, of a jealous and invidious character, ſaid to the Duke D'Anguien, who had juſt gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi in 1643, "What can thoſe who envy your glory ſay now?"—"I do not know," anſwered the prince; "I wiſh to aſk you."

LXXXIX. FORGERIES.

Forged charters were common in the middle

dle ages. I remember to have read that a monk of Soiſſons, in the twelfth century, being on his death-bed, confeſſed that he had forged many charters for different monaſteries.

XC. PAUW.

Pauw is an ingenious author, but *trop tranchant*. There are good things in his *Recherches ſur les Grecs*; and his idea that Sparta was a mere den of thieves, is certainly juſt. Their conduct to the Helots ſhews that they were not only thieves, but aſſaſſins; as their deſcendants are to this day. I cannot make out what he means when he ſpeaks of Varro's collection of portraits, as having been engraved by that great man, and coloured by a lady called Lala. He quotes Pliny as his authority.

XCI. TRUTH.

In all ſciences the errors precede the truths; and it is better they ſhould go firſt than laſt.

XCII. DE COUCY.

It was Raoul *Chatelain* de Coucy, and not a lord of Coucy, who was the famous lover and

and poet. The lady was Gabrielle de Levergies; the huſband Albert, Lord of Faïel. See the Poems of de Coucy, with the old muſic, printed at Paris, 1781. The truth of this horrible tale ſeems certain: the date A. D. 1191. The poetry is very good for that period.

XCIII. FARCES.

About the middle of the laſt century a hundred crowns was paid in Paris to the author of a ſucceſsful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays in France, till the eighth or ninth repreſentation. This leading to the opinion, that a farce was a ſymptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe deſired a farce might be given after the firſt repreſentation of his Romulus. The example became univerſal.

XCIV. SEMIRAMIS.

The Semiramis of Voltaire is a grand tragedy, and the ghoſt is a bold effort for the French ſtage. At firſt it was coldly received; and Voltaire, ſeeing Piron in the tiring room, aſked him what he thought of it. "I think,"

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ſaid Piron, "that you wiſh it were mine."—"I love you juſt enough to wiſh ſo," replied Voltaire.

XCV. ARTFUL QUESTION.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to ſee Louis XIV. at ſupper, fixed his eye on a diſh of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, ſaid, "Give that diſh to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The diſh was gold.

XCVI. RHIME.

I believe rhime was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We ſeem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then poſſeſſed of Spain; and of Sicily then or ſoon after.

XCVII. NAIVETÉ.

The Roman de la Roſe has ſome naïf paſſages. Look at this:

Et encore ne fais je péché,
Si je nomme les nobles choſes,
Par plein texte ſans mettre gloſes,
Que mon Pere de Paradis
Fit de ſes propres mains jadis.

XCVIII. FROISSART.

I wiſh Froiſſart's poems were printed. He is the only French poet of that century (the fourteenth). I find Chriſtine de Piſe, my acquaintance, had a ſon a chronicler and poet. He was called Caſtel.

XCIX. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 15, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am rather ſorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of *another's* work, who are ſo infinitely better employed when compoſing yourſelf. However, as it will be on a branch of virtû that I love, I comfort myſelf, from your taſte and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one elſe.

I will execute your commiſſions, but you muſt give me a little time. The gout has lamed my fingers, and I cannot uſe them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be ſure, has not improved my ſight; and Vertue's MSS. are not only a heap of immethodic

confuſion, but are written in ſo very diminutive a hand, that many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them, and had very ſtrong eyes, I was often forced to uſe a magnifying glaſs. Should you be impatient, will you come and ſearch thoſe MSS. yourſelf? next, will you come next Sunday hither, and paſs the whole day, if you pleaſe, in the examination? I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One I think was ſtruck by Natter, who was much patroniſed by my brother Sir Edward, and who alſo engraved two or three ſeals of Sir Robert's head. The conſular figure on the reverſe of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero, but I believe was copied from a ſtatue belonging to the late Earl of Leiceſter at Holkham; and which, if I do not miſtake at this diſtance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was ſtruck on any particular occaſion. That I mention, and Daſſier's, were honorary, as of a conſiderable perſon; and his being prime miniſter might have a little ſhare in the compliment. Of Daſſier I know no more than

I have

I have ſaid in the Anecdotes of Painting. I am ignorant who has the medal of the Ducheſs of Portſmouth; perhaps you might learn of Mr. ***, who lives in Somerſet-houſe. He had a great collection of modern medals, but ſold them. Perhaps the Duke of Devonſhire has the medal in queſtion; you might learn of Dr. Lort, or I can aſk him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection? Theſe are all the anſwers I am ready to give to your queries at preſent.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

C. THE DEVIL.

In the time of Louis XIV. ſeveral ladies of rank were accuſed of magical practices. A ducheſs among them was examined by a magiſtrate of celebrated uglineſs. She confeſſed that ſhe had converſed with the devil. "Under what reſemblance was he?" ſaid the magiſtrate gravely. "In his own perſon—and he reſembled you as much as one drop of water does another." Then turning to the

clerk ſhe deſired him to write down her anſwer. The magiſtrate, apprehenſive of the ridicule, took care to ſtop and ſuppreſs the examination.

CI. DIVINE FAVOUR.

In Italy, when they make proceſſions to procure rain, and a tempeſt and deluge follow, they ſay that when Dominidio is good he is too good. A Venetian, trying to mount a horſe, prayed to our Lady to aſſiſt him. He then made a vigorous ſpring, and fell on t'other ſide. Getting up and wiping his clothes, he ſaid, "Our Lady has aſſiſted me too much."

CII. OLD FARCE.

The moſt ancient of the French farces, Peter Patelin, written about 1450, is full of naiveté and laughter.

CIII. FOLLY OF ERUDITION.

A German has written an elaborate diſſertation to prove that Cæſar never was in Gaul! Was it he, or his brother, who attempted to prove that Tacitus did not underſtand Latin?

CIV.

CIV. CORNARO.

Cornaro on health was once a popular book. The original edition was printed at Venice 1561, 8vo.

CV. RICHLIEU.

The Hiſtory of the Mother and the Son is certainly written by Cardinal Richlieu, though erroneouſly aſſigned to Mezeray. In ſpite of all Voltaire has written to the contrary, good judges in France ſtill think the Teſtament Politique of Richlieu genuine.

CVI. BRUTAL AFFECTIONS.

The attachment of ſome French ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in ſome inſtances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male viſitor's leg: his miſtreſs thus expreſſed her *compaſſion:* "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him ſick!"

Another lady kept a malicious ape, which bit one of her women ſo cruelly in the arm, that her life was in danger. The lady chid

her ape, and told him not to bite ſo deep in future. The maid loſt her arm; and the marchioneſs diſmiſſed her with a vague promiſe of a proviſion. The marquis blaming this inhumanity, the lady anſwered with great coolneſs, "What would you have me do with the girl? She has loſt an arm."

CVII. NAIVETÉ.

Children ſometimes light on odd turns of expreſſion. One hearing that his mother had loſt a long law-ſuit, ran home and ſaid, "Dear mamma, I am ſo glad you have *loſt* that naſty proceſs that uſed to plague you ſo."

CVIII. ANCIENT DIARY.

The diary of Philip IV. of France was printed at Florence in 1746. It contains little but his expences on a journey to Flanders in 1301; but is printed from his own hand-writing in tablets of beech-wood, done over with wax.

CIX. CÆSARION.

The Cæſarion of St. Real is worth reading.

CX.

CX. DE SERRES.

John de Serres, the hiſtorian of France, was the ſame Serranus who publiſhed Plato.

CXI. ANCIENT FRENCH POETRY.

When I mentioned lately that Froiſſart was the only French poet of the fourteenth century, I was miſtaken. Philip de Vitry, Biſhop of Meaux, about 1350, wrote the poem on the advantages of a country life: the companion is by Pierre D'Ailly, Biſhop of Cambray. Vitry died in 1361, D'Ailly in 1425.

[Theſe poems having great merit, and being very difficult to find, are reprinted in the appendix.]

CXII. MILLS.

Windmills were introduced here after the cruſades. Before that time hand-mills were uſed.

CXIII. VEGETABLE ORIGINS.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenal roots of France Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettice from

from Cos, a name corrupted into *gauſe*. Shallots, or eſchallots, from Aſcalon.

I have been reading on the ſubject, and was ſtruck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civiliſation, which may ariſe from a dinner. Will you have a deſſert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the cheſnut from Caſtana in Aſia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Perſia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the beſt apples and pears, though alſo found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

CXIV. FRUIT WALLS.

M. D'Andilly, of Port-Royal, in 1652, publiſhed, under the name of Le Gendre, *La Maniere de bien cultiver les arbres fruitieres*. In this book he firſt propoſed the uſe of hot walls, as now practiſed.

The Elector Palatine, about the middle of the ſixteenth century, was the firſt who conſtructed green-houſes.

CXV.

CXV. ANOTHER FRENCH ROYAL AUTHOR.

That aſſaſſin Charles IX. of France wrote a treatiſe on hunting, in which he gives directions for curing the mange, and other diſeaſes of dogs. Better to be his dog than his ſubject!

CXVI. FONTENELLE.

Wit, or even what the French term *eſprit*, ſeems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotiſt, and thought of nothing but himſelf. One of his old acquaintances went one day to ſee him at his country houſe, and ſaid he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What ſhall we have? Do you like 'ſparagus?" ſaid Fontenelle. "If you pleaſe; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with ſauce."—"But ſauce diſagrees with me," replied the gueſt. "Well, well, we ſhall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the ſtairs, he called out, "Cook! dreſs the 'ſparagus with ſauce."

CXVII. CARPETS.

Carpets are mentioned in the twelfth century; but they would not do for our old vaſt apartments, and ſtraw was neceſſary for warmth.

CXVIII. BRANTOME.

Brantome is a ſingular and amuſing writer. What a compoſition the firſt volume of his Dames Galantes!

In his account of the Vidame of Chartres he ſays, that when that lord paſſed to London, as one of the hoſtages for the performance of the treaty between England and France, he rendered himſelf ſo agreeable to King Edward (III?), that he took him with him "juſqu' au fin fonds des ſauvages d'Eſcoſſe" (to the furtheſt part of the highlands of Scotland). There was held a grand hunt of deer; after which the Scots preſſing with clubs the game killed, in order to ſqueeze out the blood, ate the raw fleſh with bread, and thought it delicious.

I wonder this ſtory has eſcaped Mr. Pennant.

CXIX. SYLPHS.

From Sonnerat's Voyages it appears that the *grandouers* of the Eaſt Indian mythology are aërial beings of great beauty, correſponding with Pope's ſylphs. There is nothing new under the ſun.

CXX. KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

We never think, nor ſay, that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous; it renders him more prudent, but generally at the expence of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies ſkill in diſcerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low cunning, ſelf-intereſt, and other mean motives that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a ſimple character: their thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

CXXI. POOR HUMAN NATURE!

In the year 1212, as we learn from an Italian antiquary, a general belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean ſea was

to

to be dried up, that believers might paſs to Jeruſalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thouſands of German pilgrims.

CXXII. ROUSSEAU'S ABSURDITIES.

Rouſſeau's ideas of ſavage life are puerile. He is equally abſurd in ſuppoſing that no people can be free, if they entruſt their freedom to repreſentatives. What is every body's buſineſs is no body's buſineſs. The people would ſoon be ſick of ſuch freedom; they muſt attend to their own private buſineſs, elſe they could not live. The people of France are eaſily electrified. We are too ſolid for ſuch dreams. Amber may draw ſtraws: we do not gravitate ſo eaſily.

CXXIII. ILLUMINATIONS.

Heretics were firſt burned in England in the reign of Henry IV. the uſurper, in order to pleaſe the biſhops; who aſſiſted him in depoſing Richard II.

CXXIV. BRITISH CATTLE AND BLOODHOUNDS.

At Earl Ferrers's, Chartley, Staffordſhire, the

the indigenal Britiſh cattle are ſtill extant. In form they reſemble a deer; and are white, except the ears and tail, which are black; a black liſt alſo runs along the back.

In Neidwood foreſt, in the ſame county, blood-hounds are ſtill reared; about the ſize of a maſtiff, blackiſh back, belly reddiſh brown.

CXXV. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 14, 1789.

I muſt certainly have expreſſed myſelf very awkwardly, dear Sir, if you conceived that I meant the ſlighteſt cenſure on your book; much leſs on your manner of treating it, which is able, and clear, and demonſtrative as poſſible. No: it was myſelf, my age, my want of apprehenſion and memory, and my total ignorance of the ſubject, which I intended to blame. I never did taſte or ſtudy the very ancient hiſtories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of perſons, regions, places, which no ſpecific circumſtances concurred to make me remember: and now at ſeventy-two, when, as is common, I forget

numbers

numbers of names moſt familiar to me, is it poſſible I ſhould read with pleaſure any work that conſiſts of a vocabulary totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much leſs impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's Hiſtory of Indoſtan, becauſe the Indian names made ſo little impreſſion on me, that I went backward inſtead of forward; and was every minute reverting to the former page, to find about whom I was reading.

Your book was a ſtill more laborious taſk to me, for it contains ſuch a ſeries of argumentation, that it demanded a double effort from a weak, old head; and when I had made myſelf maſter of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

Theſe defects have for ſome time been ſo obvious to me, that I never read now but the moſt trifling books, having often ſaid that, at the very end of life, it is very uſeleſs to be improving one's ſtock of knowledge, great or ſmall, for the next world.

Thus, Sir, all I have ſaid in my laſt letter, or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a cenſure or criticiſm. It would be hard on

you indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of ſcience, and deep diſquiſition, are moſt juſt; and I am ſure I have neither power nor diſpoſition to anſwer them. You have treated your matter as it ought to be treated. Profound men, or converſant in the ſubject, like Mr. ***, will be pleaſed with it, for the very reaſons that made it difficult to me. If Sir Iſaac Newton had written a fairy tale, I ſhould have ſwallowed it eagerly; but do you imagine, Sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that Sir Iſaac had better have amuſed me, for half an hour, than enlightened mankind, and all ages?

I was ſo fair as to confeſs to you, that your work was above me, and did not divert me. You was too candid to take that ill; and muſt have been content with ſilently thinking me very ſilly; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deſerve. I am only ſorry when I do deſerve a diſadvantageous character.

Nay, Sir, you condeſcend, after all, to aſk my opinion of the beſt way of treating antiquities; and by the context I ſuppoſe you mean how to make them entertaining. I cannot anſwer you in one word, becauſe there are two ways, as there are two ſorts of readers. I ſhould therefore ſay; to pleaſe antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs: but if you would adapt antiquities to the taſte of thoſe who read only to be diverted, not to be inſtructed, the noſtrum is very eaſy and ſhort. You muſt divert them in the true ſenſe of the word *diverto*; you muſt turn them out of the way; you muſt treat them with digreſſions, nothing, or very little, to the purpoſe. Yet, eaſy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute than the indefatigable induſtry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract truth. There have been profeſſors who have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meaneſt capacities. I doubt their ſucceſs; at leaſt on me. However,

you

you need not deſpair; all readers are not ſo dull and ſuperannuated as, dear Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

and ſincere admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

CXXVI. ARMOUR.

My ſuit of armour, that belonged to Francis I. muſt have been only uſed in tilting; it is not ſtrong enough for battle. You ſee that little men may be great men: [ſmiling, as he was himſelf ſhort in ſtature.]

Groſe I have read (on ancient armour). I ſee from it that our modern painters know nothing of coſtume. The chain, or ring, armour was that uſed in the middle ages. Our artiſts always clap on plate-armour long before it was invented.

CXXVII. WINES.

Our mountain-wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. Tent is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres (the Spaniſh X is pronounced *Sh* or *Ch*), in the ſouth

of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Chriſtians and Saracens, that ended in the conqueſt of Spain by the latter.

Malmſey was from Malvaſia in Peloponneſus. This rich wine was afterwards propagated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

CXXVIII. ENGRAVING.

What is called *chalk*-engraving is done in little holes, with a needle—*pecking*, the chief manner of Nanteuil, is a ſhort ſtroke with the graver, digging up a little bit of the copper, which is rubbed off.

CXXIX. LATTIN.

In our old writers *Lattin* is tin: it is a mere Italian word *latta*.

CXXX. PAINTING.

Mr. Gibbon has given us ſome curious anecdotes of painting, in the middle ages. He mentions that Conſtantine VIII. Emperor of Conſtantinople (A. D. 919), was an artiſt; and, what is ſtill more extraordinary, that

that a caſtle in Germany was adorned with hiſtorical paintings of a victory.

[See Vol. X. p. 216, 8vo. The caſtle of Merſeburg, about the year 950; and the note, whence it appears that painting was never loſt in Italy.]

CXXXI. NAIVETÉ.

I heard, while in France, a riſible inſtance of naiveté and ignorance. Three young ladies, much of an age, were boarded in a convent, where they contracted a moſt fond friendſhip for each other, and made up their little reſolutions never to part as long as they lived. But how contrive this, when in a few years their parents would take them out of the nunnery, to marry them to different huſbands? After repeated deliberations, it was diſcovered that the only way of remaining in conſtant union was, that all the three ſhould wed one and the ſame huſband. Upon further inquiry and diſcuſſion this was obſerved to be contrary to law; and at length the wiſeſt head of the three obſerved that they might all marry the Great Turk. A letter

was compoſed in great form, the reſult of the choiceſt eloquence of all the three, explaining the tender friendſhip which united them, and the choice they had made of him for their huſband. They added, that as ſoon as they had received their firſt communion, they would ſet out for Conſtantinople; and begged that all might be prepared for their reception.

Delighted with this expedient, the three friends ſent off their letter to the poſt-office, with this direction, *To Mr. Great Turk, at his Seraglio, Conſtantinople. By Lyons.* The oddity of the direction was the occaſion of the letter being opened, and of the diſcovery of this great plot.

CXXXII. SIZE OF BOOKS.

I prefer the quarto ſize to the octavo: a quarto lies free and open before one. It is ſurpriſing how long the world was peſtered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was aſked if he liked books *in folio* *. "No," ſays he, "I like books *in fructu* †."

* In the leaf. † In the fruit.

CXXXIII.

CXXXIII. THAMES AND ISIS.

We talk of the Thames and the Iſis. There is no ſuch river as the Iſis, either in our old geography, or in modern tradition, I mean, uneducated tradition. This Iſis is a mere invention of pedantry, from the name of the *Ouſe*, a ſtream that runs into the Thames.

CXXXIV. SINGULAR TITLE.

One of the moſt ſingular titles I know is the French houſe *D'O*. This family has produced ſeveral great characters, and I believe ſtill exiſts. In the time of Henry IV. a M. D'O diſtinguiſhed himſelf.

CXXXV. QUEEN CHRISTINA.

That drawing is of Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, in her travelling dreſs. You know it a good deal reſembled that of a man, which made her ſay, when the court ladies of France crowded to kiſs her on her arrival, "I do believe they take me for a gentleman."

What an infamous murder was that committed by her orders in the gallery of Fontainbleau!

tainbleau! Had I been Louis XIV. I ſhould have ordered her to be ſeized, tried, brought to the block—then pardoned, and diſmiſſed from the kingdom.

CXXXVI. VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.

The letters between the Empreſs of Ruſſia and Voltaire are the beſt in the large collection of his correſpondence. I prefer thoſe of the Empreſs to thoſe of Voltaire.

Ecrazez l'infame was a kind of party watch-word among the encyclopediſts. It means *ecrazez l'infame ſuperſtition*; that is, what the Roman Catholics call Chriſtianity, and we ſenſeleſs mummery. It might have been uſed by Luther. I ſee no harm in it. *Corruptio optimi peſſima* *.

CXXXVII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-ſquare, Dec. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

You will probably have been ſurpriſed at not hearing from me ſo long. Indeed, I

* The corruption of the beſt things is always the worſt.

hope

hope you will have been ſo, for as it has been occaſioned by no voluntary neglect, I had rather you ſhould have reproached me in your own mind, than have been thoughtleſs of me and indifferent.

The truth is, that between great misfortunes, accidents, and illneſs, I have paſſed ſix melancholy months. I have loſt two of my neareſt and moſt beloved relations, Lady Dyſart and Lord Waldegrave. Her illneſs terminated but in September; his, beſides the grievous loſs of him, left me in the greateſt anxiety for his widow, who thought herſelf at the end of her pregnancy, but was not delivered till above two months after his death, a fortnight ago.

In the midſt of theſe diſtreſſes I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruiſed myſelf exceedingly, and the laſt of which brought on a fit of the gout. In ſuch ſituations I was very incapable of entertaining any body, or even of being entertained, and ſaw few but of my own unhappy family; or I ſhould have aſked the favour of your company at Strawberry-hill.

I am

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to-day, when I take the firſt moment of telling you ſo, that, whenever you come to London, I may have a chance of having the pleaſure of ſeeing you. I am, with ſincere regard and eſteem, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

CXXXVIII. FISH IN FASHION.

When faſhions are worn out at Paris, the milliners ſend the antiquated articles to the NORTH, that is, to Sweden or Ruſſia. A veſſel deeply laden with ſuch merchandiſe was run down in the channel of St. Peterſburgh. Next day a ſalmon was caught in the Neva, dreſſed in a white ſatin petticoat; and in the ſame net were found two large cod, with muſlin handkerchiefs around their necks. The ſharks and porpoiſes were obſerved in gowns of the lateſt taſte; and hardly was there a fiſh that did not diſplay ſome of the freſheſt Pariſian faſhions that had ever viſited the *North*.

CXXXIX.

CXXXIX. CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Every literary office, or ſituation, in England is in the hands of the church. The clergy even contrive to get into offices originally deſigned for laymen. This vaſt patronage is the real rock againſt which neither ſtorms nor tempeſts ſhall prevail. Our clergy are by far the moſt learned in Europe; and many of them of the moſt reſpectable character. That they would rather make martyrs, than be martyrs, is what muſt be expected from human nature.

CXL. PUBLIC VIRTUE.

The hiſtory of public virtue in this country is to be found in *proteſts*.

CXLI. REVENGE.

B. the painter, has attempted to ridicule my taſte in his book. I will tell you why. He, ſome years ago, exhibited at the Academy a Venus, with hair about as long as from here to Windſor. I went to ſee the pictures before the exhibition was opened; and

and by ſome previous information B. was in the room, following my ſteps, and eager, as I afterwards learned, to hear my expreſſions of admiration at his wonderful performance. Unluckily, when I came up to this miracle of genius, I cried out, "Good God! what have we got here!" then burſt out into a loud laugh, and paſſed on to the next. This, you know, was unpardonable. But Mr. B. ſhould have told me that he was the man, and then I ſhould have ſaid nothing, and have endeavoured to look as ſad as he could wiſh.

CXLII. LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The poor Queen of Denmark was certainly very imprudent. I learn that ſhe would even appear in full court in breeches; and thoſe northern countries are rigid in the *bienſeance*.

CXLIII. LOUNGING BOOKS.

I ſometimes wiſh for a catalogue of lounging books—books that one takes up in the gout, low ſpirits, ennui, or when one is waiting for company. Some novels, gay poetry,

odd

odd whimſical authors, as Rabelais, &c. &c. A *catalogue raiſonnée* of ſuch might be itſelf a good lounging book. I cannot read mere catalogues of books; they give me no ideas.

CXLIV. COURT PROMISES.

I have ſent the Strawberry-hill books to the Prince of Denmark, as I was requeſted, except the Anecdotes of Painting; which I was forced to buy at a high price, to preſent to the King of Poland. I have no anſwer from Denmark, which I much wonder at.

CXLV. LOW CUNNING.

It is a ſpecial trick of low cunning to ſqueeze out knowledge from a modeſt man, who is eminent in any ſcience; and then to uſe it as legally acquired, and paſs the ſource in total ſilence.

CXLVI. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-ſquare, May 15, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

My houſe is ſo full of pictures, that I could not place a new one without diſplacing ſome other;

other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to poſſeſs; and as the poſſeſſor of the picture you mention values it highly, I am not tempted to viſit what would probably be very dear. The lady repreſented does not ſtrike my memory as a perſon about whom I have any knowledge, or curioſity; and I own I have been ſo often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am ſo old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuſe me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your propoſal. I cannot go up and down ſtairs without being led by a ſervant. It is *tempus abire* for me; *luſi ſatis*.

Yours moſt ſincerely,

ORFORD.

CXLVII. CHOISEUL.

The Duke de Choiſeul was diſmiſſed from the miniſtry by the intrigues of Madame Barry, who accuſed him of an improper correſpondence with Spain.

CXLVIII. SYMBOLIC FESTIVAL.

An old Dutch merchant retiring from buſineſs, with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner. They were ſhewn into a ſplendid room, and expected a correſponding banquet, when a couple of old ſeamen brought in the firſt courſe, conſiſting of herrings, freſh, pickled, and dried, ſerved up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvas cloth. The gueſts ſtared, and did little honour to the repaſt; when a ſecond courſe came in of ſalt beef and greens. This being taken away, a ſplendid feſtival appeared, brought in by powdered lacquies, ſerved on damaſk table-cloths, and a ſideboard of generous wines. The old merchant then ſaid, "Such, gentlemen, has been the progreſs of our republic. We began with ſtrict frugality, which begot wealth; and we end with luxury and profuſion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may not be forced to return to our herrings." The gueſts ſwallowed the maxim with the banquet; but it is not ſaid that they profited by it.

CXLIX. MODERN MANNERS.

Mr. Creech has ſent me his account of the changes that have taken place in Edinburgh within theſe twenty years. It is an amuſing and inſtructive picture of the progreſs of ſociety.

CL. MURDER OF MOUNTFORT.

Mr. Shorter, my mother's father, was walking down Norfolk-ſtreet in the Strand, to his houſe there, juſt before poor Mountfort the player was killed in that ſtreet, by aſſaſſins hired by Lord Mohun. This nobleman, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by miſtake, ſaying, "Dear Mountfort!" It was fortunate that he was inſtantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his houſe before the murder took place.

CLI. HISTORY.

There are three kinds of hiſtory all good: the original writers; full and ample memoirs, compiled from them, and from manuſcripts, with

with great exactneſs: and hiſtories elegantly written and arranged. The ſecond ſtep is indiſpenſably neceſſary for the third; and I am more pleaſed with it than with the third. It has more of truth, which is the eſſence of hiſtory.

CLII. DAUGHTERS OF ORLEANS.

The Duke of Orleans, regent of France, was too familiar with both his daughters, afterwards ducheſſes of Modena and Berry. In conſenting to the marriage of the latter, he is ſaid to have bargained for a day or two of her company every week. When I was in Italy, in my youth, I went to a ball at Reggio, and was placed next the Ducheſs of Modena. This circumſtance, and my being known as the ſon of the Engliſh miniſter, engaged me to ſay ſomething polite, as I thought, to the Ducheſs. I aſked her the reaſon why ſhe did not dance. She anſwered, that her mother always ſaid ſhe danced ill, and would not allow her to join in that diverſion. "I ſuppoſe," replied I in complete innocence, "that your mother was

jealous of you." Her face was all ſcarlet in an inſtant, and ſhe ſeemed ready to ſink into the ground. I very haſtily withdrew, and took my politeneſs along with me.

CLIII. NEW MODE OF DROWNING.

Talking of an acquaintance, who was going to Ireland in very rainy weather, Mr. Walpole obſerved, that he ran a riſk of being drowned *from above*.

CLIV. WHEELER INSECT.

The wheeler inſect is a curious microſcopical object. Take a little duſt of rotten timber, and a drop of water; by and by the inſect appears, two horns ariſe on its head, and then a wheel, the velocity of which is ſurpriſing. It ſails among the duſt, as if amidſt iſlands. The wheel ſeems intended by ſuction to draw in numbers of ſmaller inſects, its food.

CLV. TYGRE NATIONAL.

After the French revolution Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the ſtory of the

the Tygre National. A man who ſhewed wild beaſts at Paris had a tyger from Bengal, of the largeſt ſpecies, commonly called The Royal Tyger. But when royalty, and every thing royal, was aboliſhed, he was afraid of a charge of inciviſm; and, inſtead of *Tygre Royal*, put on his ſign board *Tygre National*.

The ſymbol was excellent as depicting thoſe atrocities which have diſgraced the cauſe of freedom, as much as the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew did that of religion. Mob of Paris, what a debt thou oweſt to humanity!

CLVI. MADAME ELIZABETH.

Madame Elizabeth, ſiſter of Louis XVI. is almoſt a ſaint. On the 20th June, 1792, when the mob burſt into the palace, ſhe ran into the King's apartment; and when they called for the Queen, by the name of the Auſtrian ſtrumpet, and were about to ſeize Elizabeth by miſtake, an attendant exclaiming, "This is not the Queen," ſhe turned round, and ſaid, "For the love of God do not undeceive them."

The ſame lady, when it was ſaid that the royal family ſhould be recommended to a *Dieu Vengeur*, anſwered, "No; but to a *Dieu Protecteur*."

CLVII. AN EQUAL MARRIAGE.

The marriage of a lady of my acquaintance was ſettled by two noble lords; one for her, one for her huſband. When the fortune, jointure, &c. was adjuſted, one peer ingenuouſly ſaid, "It ought to be mentioned that there is a little ſpice of madneſs upon our ſide."—"There is alſo ſome on ours," anſwered the other. Both families had produced inſtances of inſanity.

CLVIII. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Berkeley-ſquare, April 11, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight: and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occaſion to make, I ſhall be ready to reſtore them to you whenever it ſhall be convenient to you to call

call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be truſted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged, humble ſervant,

ORFORD.

CLIX. EXTRACTS FROM AN UNCOMMON BOOK.

I return you your book with thanks. I did not before know of its exiſtence. The Princeſs of Conti, by whom it was written, muſt, I ſuppoſe, be Louiſa of Lorrain, daughter of Henri le Balafré, Duke of Guiſe, married to the Prince of Conti in 1605. She died in 1631. Some few intereſting paſſages I have marked.

[The paſſages that intereſted Mr. Walpole may alſo pleaſe the reader, and tranſlations of them follow. The title of the ſcarce little book alluded to is, *Hiſtoire des Amours de Henry IV. avec diverſes Lettres eſcrites a ſes Maiſtreſſes,*

Maiſtreſſes, et autres Pieces curieuſes. Leyde, 1663, 12mo. Du Freſnoy, *De l'Uſage des Romans*, aſcribes it to Louiſa of Lorraine, Princeſs of Conti. If ſo, ſhe praiſes herſelf, p. 30, as "beautiful, and one of the moſt amiable young ladies of that time." She was left a widow in 1614; and may have written thus of her youthful years.

Speaking of Henry's amour with Mademoiſelle d'Eſtree, the fair Gabrielle, the princeſs mentions that the lady preferred the Duke of Bellegarde, who would have married her; and could not at firſt endure the king. To avoid him ſhe withdrew from Mantes, and retired to the houſe of her father.

"The king, whom his foes had never daunted, was ſo aſtoniſhed at the anger of his miſtreſs, that he did not know what courſe to follow. He thought that in waiting on her next day, he might at leaſt mitigate her reſentment; but company would not have been proper on ſuch a journey; and if performed alone, it was highly dangerous, as the war raged through the province, and two garriſons

garriſons of enemies lay on each ſide of the road, which was through a foreſt. His paſſion ſurmounted all theſe difficulties: the diſtance being ſeven leagues, he performed the firſt four on horſeback, accompanied by five of his moſt confidential ſervants. He then diſguiſed himſelf as a peaſant, carrying a ſack of ſtraw, and walked three leagues to her reſidence.

"He had found means to ſend her previous notice of his coming, and he found her in a gallery with her ſiſter, who was married to the Marquis de Villars. But ſhe was ſo much ſurpriſed at ſeeing this great monarch in ſuch an equipage, and ſo diſſatisfied with his diſguiſe, which ſeemed to her ridiculous, that ſhe received him very ill, and rather according to his preſent dreſs than his real character. She would not ſtay but a moment, and even this was only to tell him that his dreſs was ſo nauſeous that ſhe could not bear to look at him. Her ſiſter, more civil, made excuſes for her coldneſs; and wanted to perſuade him that fear of her father had alone forced Gabrielle to this abruptneſs."

* * * * * * * * *

" Gabrielle continued to love Bellegarde, and the king had ſome ſuſpicions of it; but the ſmalleſt careſs made him condemn his thoughts as criminal. A little accident had nearly taught him more. Being at one of his houſes, on account of ſome warlike enterpriſe in that quarter, which engaged him to travel three or four leagues one morning, Gabrielle remained in bed, ſaying ſhe was ill, while Bellegarde had pretended to go to Mantes, which was not far diſtant. As ſoon as the king was gone, Arphure, the moſt confidential of Gabrielle's women, introduced Bellegarde to a ſmall cabinet, of which ſhe alone had a key; and after her miſtreſs had diſmiſſed every creature from her chamber, the lover was received. Preſently the king, diſappointed in ſome reſearch, returned much ſooner than he was expected, and was very near finding what he did not ſeek. All that could be done was to hurry Bellegarde into Arphure's cabinet, which opened at the ſide of Gabrielle's bed, and which had a window looking into the garden.

" As

"As ſoon as the king came in, he called for Arphure to bring him ſome comfits, which were kept in that very cabinet. Gabrielle ſaid ſhe was not at home, having aſked leave to go and ſee ſome relations. "That may be," ſaid Henry, "but I am not to want my comfits on that account. If Arphure be gone, the lock may be picked, or the door burſt open." With this he began to kick at the door, to the infinite alarm of the lovers. Gabrielle complained of a violent head-ache, and ſaid the noiſe killed her; but the king was deaf to her complaints, and continued his attempts to burſt open the door.

"Bellegarde, ſeeing there was no other remedy, threw himſelf from the window, and was fortunate enough to eſcape with little hurt, though it was at a great diſtance from the ground. Inſtantly after Arphure, who had only hid herſelf to avoid opening the door, entered, all in a heat, excuſing herſelf that ſhe did not know ſhe would be wanted."

The death of the fair Gabrielle, created by her royal lover Ducheſs of Beaufort, and deſtined

deſtined for his wife, is thus related by the Princeſs of Conti.

"She came to Paris to perform the devout exerciſes of Eaſter in public, in order to evince herſelf a ſound Catholic to the people, who did not believe her earneſt in that faith. For this purpoſe ſhe lodged in the cloiſter of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and went to a church to hear veſpers, which were there performed with grand muſic. She was carried in a litter, while all the princeſſes were in coaches; and a captain of the guards rode by the ſide of the litter. A chapel had been reſerved for her, that ſhe might not be too much expoſed to the preſſure or eyes of the crowd. Mademoiſelle de Guiſe * was with her; and during the whole ſervice the Ducheſs of Beaufort did nothing but ſhew her letters from Rome, which aſſured her that what ſhe deſired would be ſoon accompliſhed †. She alſo ſhewed two letters, which

* Afterwards Princeſs of Conti, the authoreſs. The book abounds with paſſages concerning herſelf.

† Henry's divorce from Margaret de Valois, and marriage with her.

ſhe

ſhe had that very day received from the king, ſo affectionate, and ſo full of impatience to ſee her his queen, that he told her he would diſpatch Du Freſne, one of his ſecretaries of ſtate, and wholly devoted to her, as having married one of her relations, to preſs his Holineſs to permit him to perform what he was, in all events, determined to do.

" In ſuch prayers paſſed all the time of devotion. When ſervice was finiſhed, ſhe told Mademoiſelle de Guiſe that ſhe was going to bed, and begged her to come and chat with her. Thereupon ſhe mounted her litter, and Mademoiſelle de Guiſe her coach, which ſtopped at the ducheſs's lodgings. She was undreſſing, and complaining of a violent head-ache; and was ſoon ſeized with convulſions, from which ſhe was delivered by the force of medicine. She wanted to write to the king, but the convulſions returned; and a letter arriving from him ſhe tried to read it, but was prevented by her diſorder, which continued augmenting till her death."

The love-letters of Henry IV. are doubtleſs genuine: they were found in the caſket

of

of Mademoiſelle Deſſoges after her death. They are numerous, but only two ſhort ones ſhall be tranſlated as a ſpecimen.

" *The Ducheſs of* BEAUFORT *to* HENRY IV.

" I AM dying with fear: conſole me by letting me know how the braveſt of men is: I fear he is very ill, for nothing elſe could deprive me of his preſence. Write to me, my knight, for you know that the ſmalleſt of your miſchances is death to me. Though I have twice heard tidings of you to-day, I cannot ſleep without ſending you a thouſand good nights; for I am not endued with an unfeeling conſtancy: I am a feeling and conſtant princeſs for all that concerns you, and inſenſible to every thing elſe in the world, good or ill."

Anſwer of the KING *to the Ducheſs of* BEAUFORT.

" MY heart, I this morning, on my waking, had tidings of you, which will render this a happy day. I have heard nothing from another

another quarter ſince I left you. I will not fail twice a day to remember the good graces of my dear love, for the love of whom I take more care of myſelf than I was accuſtomed to do. To-morrow you will ſee Cæſar (their ſon), a pleaſure which I envy you. Love always your dear ſubject, who will be yours till death. With this truth I end, kiſſing you, as tenderly as yeſterday morning, a million of times. Perone, 26 May."

At the end are ſome anecdotes of Henry IV.

"He was of ſo generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of his body-guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded him at the battle of Aumale. The Mariſchal d'Eſtrées being one day in the king's coach, while the ſoldier was riding by the ſide of it, he pointed to him, and ſaid, "There is the ſoldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale."

* * * * * *

"The Duke of Savoy viſiting his court, he was adviſed to detain him, till he had reſtored the marquiſate of Saluces, which the duke

duke had perfidiouſly ſeized. But he anſwered, "The duke, indeed, violated his word, but his example ſhall never induce me to an act of perfidy. On the contrary, his perfidy ſhall render my good faith the more conſpicuous."

* * * * * *

"Some troops, which he ſent to Germany, having committed diſorders in Champagne, and pillaged ſome houſes of the peaſants, he ſaid to ſome of their officers ſtill in Paris, "Depart with all diligence, and ſet things to rights, elſe you ſhall anſwer to me. What! if my people be ruined, who is to nouriſh me, who is to pay the expences of the ſtate; who, pray, gentlemen, is to pay you your arrears? To injure my people is to injure myſelf."

"A nobleman, who had long heſitated in the time of the league which party to adopt, coming in as Henry was playing at Primero, he called out, "Come along, my lord. If we win you will be on our ſide."]

CLX.

CLX. MEAGRE STYLE.

The imitation of Tacitus, or even of Monteſquieu, the attempt, in ſhort, to expreſs every thing in as few words as poſſible, may lead a young writer to a great fault, namely, the meagre and bald ſtyle, which is not, indeed, ſo bad as the feeble and prolix, but is nevertheleſs an unpleaſing mode of compoſition. To borrow a metaphor from painting, ſuch a ſtyle may have a correct outline, but it wants that variety and juſt harmony of colouring, which delight in a compoſition truly valuable. Some words may be ſuperfluous, may be introduced merely to pleaſe the ear; as in painting ſome tints are of no uſe except to ſet off others.

CLXI. CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

Lady Craven has juſt brought me from Italy a moſt acceptable preſent, a drawing of the caſtle of Otranto. Here it is. It is odd that that back-window correſponds with the deſcription in my romance. When I wrote it, I did not even know that there was a caſtle

at Otranto. I wanted a name of ſome place in the ſouth of Italy, and Otranto ſtruck me in the map.

CLXII. VERBAL CRITICS.

The corrections, or rather depravations, of the claſſics by the raſh Lipſii, Scaligeri, &c. &c. cannot be too ſeverely reprobated. We now highly value the firſt editions, becauſe they are leſs polluted by wanton conjectures. I hope there are but few of them in the Strawberry-hill Lucan.

I was told an odd inſtance of ſuch corrections the other day. Cæſar, as publiſhed by Scaliger, ſays the druids of Gaul uſed Greek characters: the ſame great writer in another place ſays he wrote to one of his officers in Greek characters, that, if his letter fell into the enemy's hands, they might not be able to avail themſelves of the intelligence. All this ariſes from one correction of Scaliger, who for *literis craſſis*, uſed by the druids in the firſt editions, put *literis Græcis*.

CLXIII.

CLXIII. MR. THYNNE.

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat hall,
Who never would have miſcarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withall,
Or lain with the woman he married.

Two anecdotes are attached to theſe lines.

Miſs Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. having diſcovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the duke excited Mr. Thynne to ſeduce Miſs Trevor. She was the woman he lay withall.

The woman he married was a great heireſs, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Koningſmark in Pall-mall.

CLXIV. BOSSUET.

The eloquence of Boſſuet's Diſcourſe on Univerſal Hiſtory, ſo highly vaunted in France, I never could taſte. The work, by the bye, is ſo wholly occupied with Jewiſh and eccleſiaſtical affairs, that it ſhould have been entitled, A Diſcourſe on Eccleſiaſtic Hiſtory. It is not, indeed, like Montaigne's

chapter on boots, in which there is not a word about boots, but ſecular matters are ſo briefly handled, that the title is completely erroneous.

At the ſame time I confeſs that Boſſuet's conduct to the meek and inoffenſive Fenelon was ſo infamous, that I do not wiſh to be pleaſed with his writings.

CLXV. MASSILLON.

I am more ſtruck with the eloquence of Maſſillon than of Boſſuet, or Bourdaloue. Read this ſpecimen from a ſermon which Maſſillon preached before Louis XV. in his youth. What a ſatire on the ambition of Louis XIV.!

"Sire, if the poiſon of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince; if the ſovereign, forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the ſafety of his people; if he would rather ſubdue provinces, than reign in their hearts; if it appear to him more glorious to be the deſtroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people;

if the voice of grief and deſolation be the only ſound that attends his victories; if he uſe that power which is only given him for the happineſs of thoſe he governs, to promote his own paſſions and intereſt; in a word, if he be a king ſolely to ſpread miſery, and, like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatneſs on the wreck of nations; great God! what a ſcourge for the earth! what a preſent doſt thou ſend to men, in thy wrath, by giving them ſuch a maſter! His glory, Sire, will ever be ſteeped in blood. Some inſane panegyriſts may chaunt his victories, but the provinces, the towns, the villages, will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eterniſe his conqueſts: but the aſhes yet ſmoking of ſo many cities formerly flouriſhing; but the deſolation of countries deſpoiled of their beauty; but the ruins of ſo many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have periſhed; but the laſting calamities that will ſurvive him; will be mournful monuments that will immortaliſe his folly and his vanity: he will have paſſed like a torrent that deſtroys, not like a majeſtic river,

ſpreading joy and abundance: his name will be inſcribed in the annals of poſterity among conquerors, but never among good kings: the hiſtory of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

CLXVI. OPPOSITIONS.

Our oppoſition-parties ſeldom form a regular battalion. Even the leaders have often detached views. To form a firm array, even the common ſoldiers ſhould be valued by the chiefs, and have their encouragements and rewards. The ſcaffolding is neglected after the houſe is built; but the necks of the builders may be hazarded by neglecting it before.

CLXVII. BOOKSELLERS.

The manœuvres of bookſelling are now equal in number to the ſtratagems of war. Publiſhers open and ſhut the ſluices of reputation as their various intereſts lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications.

CLXVIII.

CLXVIII. POLITICS.

In England political faction taints every thing; it even extends to literature, and the arts. We do not inquire if the production have merit, but whether the author be whig or tory. Height of abſurdity! If a work intereſt me I care not for the author's politics, any more than I care about the colour of his clothes.

We have alſo a kind of court faſhion, even in literature: and this was never carried to ſuch a height as now. The moſt poiſonous ſlanders are propagated, the moſt crooked arts employed, to injure the credit of thoſe who follow the obnoxious tenets of our Miltons, Lockes, and Addiſons!

CLXIX. PALATINATE.

Louis XIV. after the death of Colbert, could not endure that his miniſters ſhould be men of talents. He wiſhed to have all the fame of his government.

The affair of the deſtruction of the Palatinate originated with Louvois. When the

king received the firſt intelligence, that his orders had been executed, he was with Madame Maintenon. He ſent for Louvois, and was ſo enraged at his preſumption in ſending orders ſo ruinous to his royal character, that he ſeized the poker, and was only prevented by Madame Maintenon from proceeding to the utmoſt violence.

CLXX. SINGULAR CHARACTER.

That curious whole-length of Frances, Ducheſs of Richmond and Lennox, came from Eaſton-Neſton, the ſeat of the Earl of Pomfret. We ſhall ſit down here before her, and read the equally curious portrait of her by Wilſon, in his reign of James I. One feature he does not mention—that her eyes, as you ſee, bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe of a cat.

"That morning the parliament was to begin [12 Feb. 1623], the king miſſed the Duke of Richmond's attendance, who being a conſtant obſerver of him at all times, the king, as it were, wanted one of his limbs, to ſupport the grandeur of majeſty at the firſt ſolemn

ſolemn meeting of a parliament; and calling for him with earneſtneſs, a meſſenger was diſpatched to his lodgings in haſte, when the king's commands, and the meſſenger's importunity, made the ducheſs his wife, ſomewhat unwillingly, go to the duke's bed-ſide to awake him; who drawing the curtains found him dead in his bed. The ſuddenneſs of the affright ſtruck her with ſo much conſternation, that ſhe was ſcarce ſenſible of the horror of it: and it was carried with that violence to the king, that he would not adorn himſelf that day to ride in his glories to the parliament, but put it off to the nineteenth of February following; dedicating ſome part of that time to the memory of his dead ſervant, who might ſerve as a forerunner to the king, and an emblem to all his people, that in the dark caverns of man's body death often lurks, which no human prudence or providence is able to diſcover: for the ducheſs, to ſome of her intimates, confeſſed afterwards, that ſhe found the effects of his full veins that night, that he was found dead the next morning.

"This lady was one of the greateſt, both

for birth and beauty, in her time: but at firſt ſhe went a ſtep backwards, as it were, to fetch a career, to make her mount the higher. She was daughter to Thomas, Viſcount Bindon, ſecond ſon to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; and her mother was eldeſt daughter to Edward, Duke of Buckingham; both which dukes, ſtriving to become kings, loſt their heads. Her extraction was high, fit for her great mind; yet ſhe deſcended ſo low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's ſon in London, having a good eſtate; who dying left her childleſs, a young and beautiful widow. Upon whom Sir George Rodney, a gentleman in the weſt (ſuitable to her for perſon and fortune), fixing his love, had good hopes from her to reap the fruits of it. But Edward, Earl of Hertford, being entangled with her fair eyes, and ſhe having a *tang* of her grandfather's ambition, left Rodney, and married the Earl.

"Rodney, having drunk in too much affection, and not being able with his reaſon to digeſt it, ſummoned up his ſcattered ſpirits to a moſt deſperate attempt: and coming to Ameſbury

Ameſbury in Wiltſhire (where the earl and his lady were then reſident), to act it, he retired to an inn in the town, ſhut himſelf up in a chamber, and wrote a large paper, of well-compoſed verſes, to the counteſs, in his own blood (ſtrange kind of compoſedneſs), wherein he bewails and laments his own unhappineſs. And when he had ſent them to her, as a ſad cataſtrophe to all his miſeries, he ran himſelf upon his ſword, and ſo ended that life which he thought death to enjoy, leaving the counteſs to a ſtrict remembrance of her inconſtancy, and himſelf a deſperate and ſad ſpectacle of frailty. But ſhe eaſily paſt this over; and ſo wrought upon the good-nature of the earl her huſband, that he ſettled above five thouſand pounds a year jointure upon her for life.

"In his time ſhe was often courted by the Duke of Lennox, who preſented many a fair offering to her, as an humble ſuppliant, ſometimes in a blue coat with a baſket-hilt ſword, making his addreſſes in ſuch odd diſguiſes: yet ſhe carried a fair fame during the earl's time. After his deceaſe, Lennox and Richmond,

mond, with the great title of ducheſs, gave period to her honour, which could not arrive at her mind, ſhe having the moſt glorious and tranſcendent heights in ſpeculation: for finding the king a widower, ſhe vowed, after ſo great a prince as Richmond, "never to be blown with the kiſſes, nor eat at the table, of a ſubject:" and this vow muſt be ſpread abroad, that the king may take notice of the bravery of her ſpirit. But this bait would not catch the old king, ſo that ſhe miſſed her aim: and, to make good her reſolution, ſhe ſpeciouſly obſerved her vow to the laſt.

"When ſhe was Counteſs of Hertford, and found admirers about her, ſhe would often diſcourſe of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time ſince one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that. But if the earl her huſband came in preſence, ſhe would quickly deſiſt; for when he found her in thoſe exaltations, to take her down, he would ſay, "Frank, Frank, how long is it ſince thou wert married to Prannel?" which would damp the wings of her ſpirit, and make

make her look after her feet as well as gaudy plumes.

"One little vanity of this great ducheſs (with your patience) may yet crowd in this little ſtory. She was a woman greedy of fame, and loved to keep great ſtate with little coſt. For being much viſited by all the great ones, ſhe had her formality of officers and gentlemen, that gave attendance, and the advantage that none ever ate with her. Yet all the tables in the hall were ſpread, as if there had been meat and men to furniſh them; but before eating-time (the houſe being voided), the linnen returned into their folds again, and all her people grazed on ſome few diſhes. Yet, whether her actions came into fame's fingering, her gifts were ſuitable to the greatneſs of her mind. For the Queen of Bohemia (to the chriſtening of whoſe child ſhe was a witneſs) had ſome taſte of them. And being blown up by admiration for this bounty, either by her own deſign to magnify her merit, or by others in mockery to magnify her vanity, huge inventories of maſſy plate went up and down, from hand to hand, that ſhe had

had given that queen; and moſt believed it. Yet they were but paper preſents; thoſe inventories had a *non eſt inventus* at the Hague: they ſaw the ſhell, the inventory; but never found the kernel, the plate. Such difference there is between ſolid worth, and airy paper greatneſs. And it is hoped theſe ſlight intermixtures will be no great tranſgreſſion, becauſe long ſerious things do dull the fancy."

CLXXI. DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Orleans, the regent, was a man of profligate character, and moſt unprincipled ambition. He had, before the death of Louis XIV. entered ſo far into a plot, I believe to place the Spaniſh crown on his own head, that his life was endangered, and was only ſaved by his ducheſs, daughter of the king, who exerted all her influence with her father, and with Madame de Maintenon, to procure his pardon.

CLXXII. PROVINCIAL PROVERB.

Henry, the ſecond Prince of Condé of that name, and father of the great Condé, wiſhing

ing privately to mortgage his eſtate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul. The woman anſwered in her patois, "Arnoul is at dinner; ſit you down on the bench there: when Arnoul is at dinner, not a ſoul can ſpeak with him i'faith." The prince patiently ſat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and having read it aloud, aſked the prince, whom he did not know either in perſon or as proprietor of the eſtate, his name and deſignation. "They are ſhort," anſwered the client. "Put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, firſt prince of the blood, lord of Muret." Gueſs the poor notary's amazement. Throwing himſelf on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raiſed him, ſaying, "Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know." The ſtory ſpread, and became a provincial proverb;

proverb; when one did not chooſe to be diſturbed by an intruſion, "Arnoul is at dinner."

CLXXIII. TWO PERSONS IN ONE.

I know not how three perſons may be one, but I know that one perſon may be two. Some there are who are quite different perſons with their ſuperiors, and with their equals and inferiors—with the former juſt and generous; with the latter inſolent, and full of extortion and impoſition.

CLXXIV. WEATHER.

To talk of the weather was once a matter of ridicule. But that ſoon went out; for the weather is, in fact, ſo important in this changeable climate, that our health and bread depend on it. There are alſo numerous claſſes in this iſland, farmers, ſeamen, &c. &c. whoſe very exiſtence depends on the weather. It is idle to deny that the ſtate of our ſpirits depends on the weather: the ſtouteſt man cannot take exerciſe on a rainy day, and muſt feel *ennui*, becauſe he cannot divide his time as

as uſual. For my part, I care as little for the weather as any; and I ſometimes ſay, that all I want is cold winters, and hot ſummers.

CLXXV. DEMOCRATS.

A fig for our democrats! [1792]. Barking dogs never bite. The danger in France aroſe from ſilent and inſtantaneous action. They ſaid nothing, and did every thing—ours ſay every thing, and will do nothing.

CLXXVI. REAL VALUE OF MEN.

A biſhop of Soiſſons, in the twelfth century, gave for a fine horſe, deſtined for his public entrance into the city, five villani, or ſlaves attached to his lands, three men, and two women. Thus a horſe is a more valuable animal than a man. And ſo now. How many black ſlaves would be the price of a capital race-horſe, if races were faſhionable in the Weſt-Indies?

CLXXVII. BEARDS.

Francis I. of France, amuſing himſelf with his courtiers one winter day, was ſtruck on the

the chin with a piece of a tile, which chanced to be taken up in a ſnow-ball. As the wounded part could not be ſhaved, he let his beard grow; and the faſhion was revived, after it had been dropped for a century.

It is ſaid, I know not with what truth, that the ſame prince, having loſt his hair and an eye by the venereal diſeaſe, introduced the wig and the hat. The latter had before been uſed in riding, to cover the face from the ſun: but the bonnet continued to be the ceremonial covering.

CLXXVIII. TALE.

I have been amuſing myſelf with a hiſtory of Picardy, and ſhall read you off a ſhort tale that ſtruck me.

Thomas de Saint Valery was travelling with his wife, Adela, daughter of a Count de Ponthieu. They were attacked near a foreſt by eight armed men. St. Valery, after a ſevere ſtruggle, was ſeized, bound, and thrown into a thicket. His wife was carried off, expoſed to the brutality of the banditti, and afterwards diſmiſſed in a ſtate of nudity.

nudity. She, however, ſought for and found her huſband, and they returned together.

They were ſoon after met by their ſervants, whom they had left at an inn, and returned to their father's caſtle at Abbeville. The barbarous count, full of falſe ideas of honour, propoſed, ſome days after, to his daughter, a ride to his town of Rue on the ſea ſhore. There they entered a bark, as if to ſail about for pleaſure; and they had ſtood out three leagues from the ſhore, when the Count de Ponthieu ſtarting up, ſaid with a terrible voice, "Lady, death muſt now efface the ſhame which your misfortune has brought on all your family.

The ſailors, previouſly inſtructed, inſtantly ſeized her, ſhut her up in a hogſhead, and threw her into the ſea, while the bark regained the coaſt.

Happily a Flemiſh veſſel paſſing near the coaſt, the crew obſerved the floating hogſhead, and expecting a prize of good wine, took it up, opened it, and with great ſurpriſe found a beautiful woman. She was, however, almoſt dead, from terror and want of air; and at her

earneſt entreaty the honeſt Flemings ſent a boat aſhore with her. She gained her huſband's houſe, who was in tears for her ſuppoſed death. The ſcene was extremely affecting—but Adela only ſurvived it a few hours.

John, Count of Ponthieu, repenting of his crime, gave to the monks of St. Valery the right of fiſhing three days in the year, in and about the ſpot where his daughter had been thrown overboard.

CLXXIX. AMERICANS.

The Americans are moſtly engaged in trade and plantations. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom.

CLXXX. THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Sir T. Robinſon was a tall, uncouth man, and his ſtature was often rendered ſtill more remarkable by his hunting dreſs, a poſtilion's cap, a ſight green jacket, and buckſkin breeches. He was liable to ſudden whims; and once ſet off on a ſudden, in his hunting ſuit,

ſuit, to viſit his ſiſter, who was married and ſettled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The ſervant announced *M. Robinſon*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the gueſts. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager ſtare of ſurpriſe. Unable to reſtrain his curioſity any longer, he burſt out with, "Excuſe me, Sir. Are you the famous Robinſon Cruſoe ſo remarkable in hiſtory?"

CLXXXI. LE VAYER.

La Mothe le Vayer was called the French Plutarch. His eſſays are very unlike thoſe of Montaigne. They are regular, and abound with an uncommon mixture of learning and good ſenſe.

CLXXXII. REAL APPARITION.

The caſtle of Ardivillers, near Breteuil, was reported to be haunted by evil ſpirits. Dreadful noiſes were heard, and flames were ſeen by night to iſſue from various apertures.

The farmer who was entruſted with the care of the houſe, in the abſence of its owner the Preſident d'Ardiviſiers, could alone live there. The ſpirit ſeemed to reſpect him; but any perſon who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the caſtle, was ſure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superſtition, you know, is catching. By and by the peaſants in the neighbourhood began to ſee ſtrange ſights. Sometimes a dozen of ghoſts would appear in the air above the caſtle, dancing a brawl. At other times a number of preſidents, and counſellors in red robes, appeared in the adjacent meadow. There they ſat in judgment on a gentleman of the country, who had been beheaded for ſome crime a hundred years before. Another peaſant met in the night a gentleman related to the preſident, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were ſeen to careſs each other, and then vaniſhed. As they were both alive, perhaps they were obliged to the devil for preventing ſcandal. In ſhort, many had ſeen, and all had heard, the wonders of the caſtle of Ardivillers.

This

This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loſs of the preſident, who had been obliged to let the eſtate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, ſuſpecting ſome artifice, he reſolved to viſit and inſpect the caſtle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to paſs the night in the ſame apartment; and if any noiſe or apparition diſturbed them, to diſcharge their piſtols at either ghoſt or ſound. As ſpirits know all things, they were probably aware of theſe preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber juſt above a dreadful rattling of chains was heard; and the wife and children of the farmer ran to aſſiſt their lord. They threw themſelves on their knees, begging that he would not viſit that terrible room. "My lord," ſaid they, "what can human force effect againſt people of t'other world? M. de Fecancour attempted the ſame enterpriſe, years ago, and he returned with a diſlocated arm. M. D'Urſelles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after." In ſhort,

ſo many attempts were mentioned, that the preſident's friends adviſed him to abandon the deſign.

But they determined to encounter the danger themſelves. Proceeding up ſtairs to an extenſive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a piſtol in the other, they found it full of thick ſmoke, which increaſed more and more from ſome flames that were viſible. Soon after the ghoſt, or ſpirit, faintly appeared in the middle: he ſeemed quite black, and was amuſing himſelf with cutting capers: but another eruption of flame and ſmoke hid him from their view. He had horns and a long tail; and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly ſupernatural," ſaid he; "let us retire." The other, endued with more boldneſs, aſſerted that the ſmoke was that of gunpowder, which is no ſupernatural compoſition; "and if this ſame ſpirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he ſhould have extinguiſhed our candles."

With theſe words he jumps amidſt the ſmoke

ſmoke and flames, and purſues the ſpectre. He ſoon diſcharged his piſtol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle, but was himſelf ſeized with fear, when the ſpirit, far from falling, turned round and ruſhed upon him. Soon recovering himſelf, he reſolved to graſp the ghoſt, to diſcover if it were indeed aerial and impaſſible. Mr. Spectre, diſordered by this new manœuvre, ruſhed to a tower, and deſcended a ſmall ſtaircaſe.

The gentleman ran after; and, never loſing ſight of him, paſſed ſeveral courts and gardens, ſtill turning as the ſpirit winded, till at length they entered an open barn. Here the purſuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, ſhut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to ſee the ſpectre totally diſappear!

In great confuſion he called to the ſervants for more lights. On examining the ſpot of the ſpirit's diſappearance, he found a trap-door, upon raiſing which ſeveral mattreſſes appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Deſcending he found the ſpirit himſelf—the farmer himſelf.

His dreſs, of a complete bull's hide, had ſecured him from piſtol ſhot; and the horns and tail were not diabolic, but mere natural appendages of the original. The rogue confeſſed all his tricks; and was pardoned, on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

CLXXXIII. KING AND REPUBLIC.

I have ſometimes thought that a 'ſquire and a veſtry were a king and republic in miniature. The veſtry is as tyrannic, in its way, as the 'ſquire in his. Any power neceſſarily leads to abuſes of that power. It is difficult to ſtop any *impetus* of nature.

CLXXXIV. LEARNING ENCOURAGED.

I was told a droll ſtory concerning Mr. Gibbon, t'other day. One of thoſe bookſellers in Paternoſter-row, who publiſh things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-ſtreet, ſent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," ſaid he, "I am now publiſhing a hiſtory of England, done by ſeveral good hands. I underſtand you have a knack

at

at them there things, and ſhould be glad to give you every reaſonable encouragement."

As ſoon as Gibbon recovered the uſe of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with ſurpriſe, he ran to the bell, and deſired his ſervant to ſhew this encourager of learning down ſtairs.

CLXXXV. A DAY OF HENRY IV.

Equally with painted portraits of memorable perſons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with thoſe minute touches, which conſtitute life itſelf. Of this ſort is the domeſtic portrait of Henry IV. of France, delineated in a page or two of the original memoirs of Sully.

[The moſt ſtriking paſſages follow; but it is impoſſible for a tranſlation to repreſent the old emphatic ſimplicity of the original.]

"You muſt know that one day his majeſty being healthy, light-hearted, active, and in good humour, on account of diverſe fortunate incidents in his domeſtic affairs, and of agreeable news received from foreign nations, and from the provinces of his kingdom; and perceiving the morning fine, and every appearance

appearance of a ſerene day, he aroſe early, to kill partridges with his hawks and falcons, with the deſign of returning ſo ſoon as to have them dreſſed for his dinner; for he ſaid he never found them ſo nice and tender, as when they were thus taken, eſpecially when he himſelf ſnatched them from the birds of prey. In which all things having ſucceeded to his wiſh, he returned when the heat of the day became troubleſome; ſo that being come to the Louvre, with the partridges in his hand, and having aſcended to the great hall, he perceived at the further end Varenne and Coquet, who were chatting together in expectation of his return, to whom he called aloud, "Coquet, Coquet, you ſhall have no occaſion to pity our dinner; for Roquelaure, Termes, Frontenac, Harambure, and I, bring wherewith to treat ourſelves: quick, quick, order the cook to ſpit them; and, after giving them their ſhares, ſee that there be eight for my wife and me. Bonneüil here ſhall carry her her ſhare; and tell her I am going to drink to her health. See that you take for me thoſe that have been a little nipped by the hawks; for there are three large ones,

which I myſelf took from them, and which are not touched at all."

As the king was talking thus, and ſeeing the game ſhared, he ſaw Clielle come, with his great ſtaff, and by his ſide Parfait, who bore a large gilt baſon, covered with a fair napkin, and who from a diſtance began to call, "Sire, embrace my thigh*; Sire, embrace my thigh; for I have got plenty, and nice ones they are." Which the king hearing, he ſaid to thoſe around him, "Here comes Parfait in high glee: this, I warrant you, will add another inch of fat to his ribs. I ſee he brings me excellent melons, and am glad of it, for I ſhall eat a bellyful; as they do not hurt me when they are very good, when I eat them while I am very hungry, and before meat, as my phyſicians preſcribe. But you four ſhall have your ſhares. So don't run after your partridges, till you have had your melons; which I ſhall give you, after I have choſen my wife's ſhare and mine, and two which I have promiſed."

* To embrace the thigh implied humbly to return thanks, &c. &c. Roux, Dict. Com.

When

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When

When the king had divided the partridges and melons, he went to his chamber, where he gave two melons to two lads at the door, and whiſpered ſome words in their ear. Then paſſing on, as he was in the midſt of his great chamber, he ſaw come out of the falcon-cloſet, Fourcy, Beringuen, and La Fonts, the laſt carrying a large parcel wrapped up, to whom he called, "La Fonts, do you too bring me ſomething for my dinner?"—"Yes, Sire," anſwered Beringuen; "but it is cold food, and only fit for the eye."—"I want none ſuch," replied the king, "for I am dying with hunger, and muſt dine before I do any thing. Meanwhile I ſhall ſit down to table, and eat my melons, and take a glaſs of muſcat. But, La Fonts, what the deuce have you there, ſo well wrapped up?"—"Sire," ſaid Fourcy, "they are deſigns for patterns of diverſe ſorts of ſtuffs, carpets, and tapeſtry, in which your beſt manufacturers mean to rival each other." "Very good," ſaid the king; "that will do to ſhew my wife after dinner. And, faith, now I think of a man (Sully) with whom I don't

don't always agree, eſpecially when what he calls baubles and trifles are in queſtion .... and who ſays often that nothing is elegant that coſts double its real value .... Go you, Fourcy, ſend for him now: let one of my coaches go, or yours."

* * * * * *

"Sire," ſaid Sully to the king, "your majeſty ſpeaks to me ſo kindly, that I ſee you are in good humour, and better pleaſed with me than you were a fortnight ago."—"What," anſwered Henry, "do you ſtill remember that? That is not my way. Don't you know that our tiffs ſhould never laſt more than twenty-four hours? And I know that the laſt did not prevent you from ſetting about a good affair for my finances, the very next morning; which joined with other things, great and ſmall, which I ſhall tell you, have put me in this joyous humour. The chief is that, for theſe three months, I have not found myſelf ſo light and active as to-day; having mounted my horſe without ſteps or aſſiſtance. I have had a fine hunt; my falcons have flown well; and my greyhounds have

have run ſo that they have taken three large hares. I thought I had loſt my beſt goſs-hawk; it was brought back. I have a good appetite; I have eaten excellent melons; and half-a-dozen quails have been ſerved up at my table, the fatteſt and moſt tender that I ever ſaw. I have intelligence from Provence that the troubles of Marſeilles are quite appeaſed; and like news from other provinces. And, beſides, that never was year ſo fertile; and that my people will be greatly enriched, if I open the exportation. St. Anthoine writes to me that the Prince of Wales (Henry, ſon of James I.) is always talking to him of me, and promiſes you his friendſhip on my account. From Italy I learn that I ſhall have the ſatisfaction, the honour, and glory, of reconciling the Venetians with the Pope. Bongars writes to me from Germany, that the new King of Sweden is more and more eſteemed by his new ſubjects; and that the Landgrave of Heſſe gains me every day new friends, allies, and aſſured ſervants. Buzenval writes to Villeroy that the event of the ſieges of Oſtend and Sluys having proved good and evil

evil to both parties, the exceſſive expenditure of money, the great loſs of men, and vaſt conſumpt of ammunition, on both ſides, have reduced them to ſuch weakneſs and want, that they will be equally conſtrained to liſten to a peace or truce; of which I muſt neceſſarily be the mediator and guardian: a fair opening to my wiſhes of compoſing all differences between Chriſtian princes."

"Beſides," continued the king, "to increaſe my content in all theſe good news, behold me at table, ſurrounded by worthy men, of whoſe affection I am ſecure; and whom you judge capable, I know, of entertaining me with uſeful and pleaſing converſation, which will ſave me from thoughts of buſineſs, till I have finiſhed my dinner; for then will I hear every body, and content them, if reaſon and juſtice can."

* * * * * *

After this, the king riſing from table, went to meet the queen, who was leaving her chamber to go to her cabinet. As ſoon as he ſaw her at a diſtance he called out, "Well, *m'amie*, did not I ſend you excellent melons, excellent

excellent partridges, excellent quails? If you had as good an appetite as I, you muſt have done them juſtice, for I never ate ſo much; nor for a long time have I been in ſuch good humour as to-day. Aſk Sully, he will tell you the reaſon; and will repeat to you all the news I have received, and the converſation that paſſed between him and me, and three or four others."

"Indeed, Sire," anſwered the queen, "then we are well met to-day, for I never was more gay, nor in better health, nor dined with better appetite. And to prolong your joy and gladneſs, and mine too, I have prepared for you a ballet and comedy of my invention; but I will not deny that I have been aſſiſted, for Duret and La Clarelle have not ſtirred from my ſide all this morning, while you were at the chace. The ballet will repreſent, as they have told me, the happineſs of the golden age; and the comedy, the moſt amuſing paſtimes of the four ſeaſons of the year."

"*M'amie*," replied the king, "I am delighted to ſee you in ſuch good humour; pray

let

let us always live thus. But that your ballet and comedy may be well danced, and well ſeen, they muſt be performed at Sully's, in the great hall, which I deſired him to build expreſsly for ſuch purpoſes; and he ſhall ſee that none are admitted, except thoſe who bring orders to that effect. At preſent I wiſh to ſhew you the patterns of tapeſtry that Fourcy has brought, that you may tell me your opinion."

CLXXXVI. HISTORICAL CHAPTERS.

I believe it was Hume who introduced, or revived, thoſe long heterogeneous things, called *chapters*, in modern hiſtory. Do you remember any ancient hiſtory in chapters?

A. Yes, Sir; Florus for one.

True: but they were real chapters, heads, *capita*, very ſhort. Livy and Dio, you know, have about fifty books each *. Guicciardini is in books: all claſſical hiſtories are in books. Gibbon ſays, that if he came to give a complete reviſion, and new edition, of his work,

* Dio has eighty.

he would call his chapters books. How would you like Milton's Paradiſe Loſt in chapters? The very idea is a ſoleciſm, whether in verſe or proſe.

CLXXXVII. ATHEISM THE OFFSPRING OF FANATICISM.

Theſe horrible affairs in France are the offspring of fanaticiſm. Yes, Sir; if the reformation had taken place there, as well as here, religion and the clergy would have been reſpected, as they are here. Fanatics make atheiſts. If I cannot believe in God, without believing that a wafer is God, my reaſon abjures the deity. I wiſh religion to exiſt: it is of infinite uſe to ſociety, and I therefore wiſh it to be as rational as poſſible. A ſynod of the Engliſh church might order ſeveral objectionable tenets, and expreſſions, of our worſhip, to be altered. I love thoſe reformations that prevent revolutions, by keeping pace with the gradual progreſs of reaſon and knowledge.

CLXXXVIII.

CLXXXVIII. ABDICATION OF PHILIP OF SPAIN.

The abdication of Philip V. of Spain is one of the oddeſt events of this century. Yet he, or rather his queen, ſtill directed public affairs after their retreat to St. Ildefonſo.

She was an artful woman; and it is ſuppoſed that the abdication was but a ſtep to the ſucceſſion to the French throne, expected on the death of Louis XV. who, when a boy, was very weakly, and not expected to live.

[This was in 1724. But the king, his ſon, dying of the ſmall-pox, in ſix or ſeven months after his coronation, Philip V. reſumed the ſceptre, which he held till 1746.]

CLXXXIX. A COMPLIMENT OF STATE.

The Duke of Bourbon demanded one of the grand-daughters of George I. as a wife for Louis XV. The old king was pleaſed with the propoſal; but anſwered, as was ex-

pected, that the laws of the country prevented ſuch an alliance.

The French court knew this: but the offer was highly flattering; and this was its ſole intention.

CXC. PORTRAIT OF NINON.

I was deſirous to have a portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos: and now that I have it I don't like it. She tries to look charming, you ſee, and ſhe looks tipſy.

CXCI. LACHRYMATORIES.

The idea that lachrymatories, ſo called, were uſed for collecting tears at Roman funerals, ſeems to paſs away. Some have been found with ſtoppers, and retaining a faint ſmell of the perfumes lodged in them—their real deſtination.

CXCII. BOURBON.

The Duke of Bourbon, who ſucceeded Orleans the regent, in the management of French affairs, during the minority of Louis XV. was but a weak man; and was ruled by his

his miſtreſs Madame de Prye, herſelf a weak woman. Her portrait, which I have in crayons, ſeems to confirm the inſipidity of her character, but ſhews that ſhe was beautiful.

The duke had another miſtreſs, a Madame Teſſier, a woman of the moſt infamous character.

I ſuppoſe the marriage of Louis XV. to the daughter of Staniſlaus, the dethroned king of Poland, to have proceeded from female intrigues. The princeſs was ſo much unprepared for this high honour, that Madame de Prye was obliged to ſend her ſhifts and gowns.

CXCIII. DEVOTION OF LOUIS XIV.

In his old age Louis XIV. was either led by his own ſuperſtition, or by the artifices of his wife Maintenon, to an exceſs of devotion. His courtiers, as uſual, rivalled him in weakneſs; and ſome of them, it is ſaid, would take the ſacrament twice in a day.

CXCIV. DUBOIS.

The infamous Abbé, afterwards Cardinal,

Dubois was a proper coadjutor for the Regent Orleans. When the latter was young, Dubois was introduced by St. Laurent to teach him Latin; and the abbé availed himself of this opportunity to flatter his pupil's paſſions, and give him leſſons of early depravity.

Soon as D'Eſtrées, Archbiſhop of Cambrai, died, Dubois ran to the regent, whom he found in bed with Emily, an opera girl. The duke immediately conſented to appoint this worthy eccleſiaſtic to the vacant archbiſhopric; and a ſolemn oath by all the charms of Emily ſanctioned the claim of Dubois.

CXCV. SPLENDID MISER.

Roſſi's Pinacotheca is a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature. One of them, a Greek, and a ſplendid miſer, would form a dramatic character.

[Alluding to Dichæus Dichæanus. As the book is little known, ſome extracts from that ſingular piece of biography may ſerve to diverſify this lounging farrago.

Dichæus Dichæanus was brought to Rome from Greece, when a boy, by his father, a

ſilverſmith. As he grew to manhood, he became remarkable for the ſolemnity of his demeanour, and the ſordidneſs of his diſpoſition; which, however, did not prevent his being choſen, or appointed, one of the municipal judges of that city.

In this public character his ſingularities became the more noted; and his violence of temper was no valuable characteriſtic of the magiſtrate.

One day an advocate came to him to explain the ſuit of a client, and to requeſt a ſpeedy deciſion. In the courſe of the converſation the advocate ſhewed ſuch ſuperior ſkill in the law, and ſuch pre-eminence in argument, that Dichæus became very angry, and evinced that he at leaſt excelled in bodily ſtrength, by knocking down the advocate. Scarcely had Dichæus retired into another room, when one of his fellow-judges, arrayed in ſimilar garments, entered: and the advocate, by an unfortunate miſtake, avenged upon his carcaſe the drubbing he had received from our judge.

But his moſt ſingular oddity was an attempt

to unite the oppoſite characters of great parſimony, and magnificent appearance, which laſt he thought himſelf obliged to maintain, as he claimed a deſcent from the Byzantine emperors.

From his father he inherited many elegant articles of furniture, and particularly an expenſive ſideboard of plate. The table was ſpread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the ſervants were ſent out with ſilver diſhes and covers, which, after paſſing a few ſtreets, they brought back empty as they went out; while their maſter, amidſt all this ſhew, was dining on cheap vegetables, or ſometimes a morſel of pork or mutton. His ſupper, thus ſplendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives, with a gill of ſour wine.

After his miſerable meals, every particle of bread that fell was carefully gathered, and preſerved to enrich the ſoup of a future day.

To his cook wood was given out by meaſure, and he was charged to lend nothing to any neighbour, upon pain of forfeiting a day's wages.

In the evening ſix grand ſilver candleſticks were

were brought into his apartment. If any viſitor came in, Dichæus lighted one of the candles; then walking about the room he lighted another, and extinguiſhed the firſt; and ſo on, till the ſixth candle had its turn. Beyond this he permitted no viſit to laſt, but diſmiſſed his company, and withdrew to his bedroom, where a little lamp alone enlightened the darkneſs.

When he went out his ſervants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return they were ordered to reſume their own clothes, that they might not wear out the ſplendour of their maſter. His coachman once doubling his cloke under him, Dichæus ſtopped his chariot in the midſt of Rome, and alarmed the city by his threats and imprecations.

Sometimes, for the greater ſtate, two fellows were hired to attend him, whom he dreſſed out in ſilken robes, and on his return ſtripped and diſmiſſed.

In the winter no fire was permitted, except in the kitchen. His ſervants were ordered to walk in the ſun, or if the ſky were cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep

deep well, that they might be warmed without the expence of fire. He himſelf was ſhut up in his bedroom, over a miſerable ſpark, ſuſtained by all the dirty and waſte paper, which he had carefully collected during the other ſeaſons of the year.

During his laſt ſickneſs, when he was puzzled to whom he ſhould bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation, written on an inch of paper. Inſtead of being enraged at ſuch diſreſpect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, eſteeming him worthy to be his ſucceſſor in parſimony.]

CXCVI. ACT OF FRIENDSHIP.

A Cambridge gentleman, of undoubted veracity, told me a ſtory, which he had from a young man, whoſe father, a miller in that neighbourhood, was the perſon concerned. This miller, about three o'clock in a ſummer morning, was driving his cart along an old track, rather than road, near Cambridge, and the young man, then a boy, with him. The wheel ſuddenly ſinking in, they freed the cart,

cart, and perceived that the wheel had broken the top of a little kind of brick-vault. This exciting their curioſity, they opened more of the vault, and found large pieces of iron, and ſome ſmaller under them of a yellow metal. Suſpecting it to be gold, they picked it up carefully.

Soon after a friend of theirs going to London, they deſired him to ſell thoſe bits of yellow metal; and he brought them thirty pounds as their ſhare, after deducting expences. However, this falſe friend, ſoon after kept race-horſes, and went into different kinds of extravagance, living at a great rate for a ſhort time. But not being ſucceſsful, he died of what is called a broken heart, and confeſſed on his death-bed, that he had received nine hundred pounds for the gold.

CXCVII. IMPIOUS PIETY.

The name of God has often been oddly miſapplied. I have got a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. and was probably uſed for the beds of his miſtreſſes. It is inſcribed, *Serve God, and live for ever.*

CXCVIII. PAINTING ON VELVET.

That is a ſpecimen of a newly-invented art of painting on velvet. You may ſit on it, rub it, bruſh it, and it is never the worſe.

CXCIX. QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lord Hailes is very rich in anecdotes. He is now in town, but I was ſhocked to ſee him; he is ſo ill with a paralytic complaint that he can hardly ſpeak. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when embaſſador in France, ſhewed marks of reſpect to the exiled queen of James II. She ſent to thank him, and to ſay, that ſhe had received leſs attention, where ſhe had reaſon to expect more.

Stair ſaid that the queen bitterly lamented the miſconduct of her huſband, and imputed the whole blame to Father Petre.

CC. MINIATURES.

The chief boaſt of my collection is the portraits of eminent and remarkable perſons, particularly the miniatures, and enamels; which,

which, ſo far as I can diſcover, are ſuperior to any other collection whatever. The works I poſſeſs of Iſaac and Peter Oliver are the beſt extant; and thoſe I bought in Wales for 300 guineas are as well preſerved as when they came from the pencil.

CCI. STRAWBERRY-HILL.

The name Strawberry-hill was not, as ſome ſuppoſe, a modern appellation. In the old leaſes it is named Strawberry-hill Shot. The houſe was built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-houſe; and ſome people of rank lived in it before it came to me.

CCII. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtleſs very fine and graceful; but it coſt me 800 guineas.

CCIII. ANANAS.—

The culture of pine-apples was certainly known in England in the time of Charles II. as that picture on my right hand ſhews. It repreſents

repreſents Roſe the gardener preſenting a pine-apple to Charles; and the likeneſs of the king is too marked, and his features too well known, to leave any room for doubt.

CCIV. ORIGINAL LETTER.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not uſe many words, but enough I hope to convince you that I meant no irony in my laſt. All I ſaid of you, and of myſelf, was very ſincere. It is my true opinion that your underſtanding is one of the ſtrongeſt, moſt manly, and cleareſt, I ever knew; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of all ſound deep application, to all abſtract ſcience and abſtract ſpeculation, I ſhould have been fooliſh and very partial, if I had attempted to ſneer at you or your purſuits. Mine have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my caſual amuſement—I will not ſay, without a little vain ambition of ſhewing ſome parts, but never with induſtry ſufficient to make

make me apply them to any thing ſolid. My ſtudies, if they could be called ſo, and my productions, were alike deſultory. In my latter age I diſcovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how inſignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius *, I only added one name more to a liſt of writers; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. Theſe reflections were the beſt proofs of my ſenſe; and when I could ſee through my own vanity, there is leſs wonder at my diſcovering that ſuch talents, as I might have had, are impaired at ſeventy-two. Being juſt to myſelf, I am not ſuch a coxcomb as to be unjuſt to you. Nor did I cover any irony towards you in the opinion I gave you of making deep writings palatable to the maſs of readers. Examine my words, and I am ſure you will find that if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that who-

* Too modeſt. The author of the Myſterious Mother was undoubtedly a man of genius—as well as of wit and genuine taſte.

ever

ever wiſhes to be read by many, if his ſubject is weighty and ſolid, he muſt treat the majority with more than is to his purpoſe. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, becauſe of the poetic commencements of his books, for five that wade through his philoſophy?

I promiſed to ſay but little—and if I have explained myſelf clearly, I have ſaid enough. It is not my character to be a flatterer. I do moſt ſincerely think you capable of great things; and I ſhould be a pitiful knave if I told you ſo, unleſs it was my opinion. And what end could it anſwer to me? Your courſe is but beginning—mine is almoſt terminated. I do not want you to throw a few daiſies on my grave *; and if you make the figure I augur you will, I ſhall not be a wit-

* ——————— ſine pondere terram,
Spiranteſque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver.

Gentle ſpirit, the intereſted arts and inſinuations that miſled thy two laſt years of extreme old age, when even talents glimmer ere they die, ſhall never injure the impreſſions of gratitude!

neſs

neſs to it. Adieu! Dear Sir, pray believe me, what I am,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

APPENDIX.

ART. I.

LIST OF BOOKS PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.

ODES by Mr. Gray, 1757. 1100, 4to.
Part of Hentzner, 12mo. 1757. 220.
Royal and Noble Authors, 12mo. 1758. 300.
Fugitive Pieces, ditto. 200.
Whitworth's Ruſſia, ditto. 700.
Spence's Parallel, ditto. 700.
Bentley's Lucan, 4to. 1759. 500.
Anecdotes of Painting (3 vols. and one of Engravings), 1761. 600.
Second Edition, ditto, 1765.
Herbert's Life, 4to. 1764. 200.
Lady Temple's Poems, 1764. 100.
Cornelie Tragedie, 12mo. 1768. 200, 150 went to Paris.
Myſterious Mother, 12mo. 1768. 50 copies.
Hoyland's Poems, 12mo. 1769. 300

Memoires de Grammont, 4to. 1771. 100. 30 to Paris.

Letters of Edward VI. 4to. 1771. 200.

Miſcellaneous Antiquities, 4to. 1772. 500.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda, and Fox's verſes to Mrs. Crew, 1775. 300.

The Sleepwalker Com. 1778. 75 copies.

Letter to Editor of Chatterton, 1779. 200.

Mr. Miller's Verſes to Lady Hor. Waldegrave, 1780. 150.

Fourth Vol. Anecdotes of Painting. 600. Printed in 1770, not publiſhed till 1780.

Mr. Jones's Ode on Lord Althorp's Marriage, 1781. 250.

Letter from Thomas Walpole, 4to. 1781. 120.

Tranſlation of the Eſſay on Gardening by the Duke of Nivernois, 1785. 400. 200 went to Paris.

This liſt of the Strawberry-hill books was copied in Mr. Walpole's preſence *.

* *Add*, Deſcription of Strawberry Hill, ſmall 4to. 1774, 100; and royal 4to. 1784, 200—the Supplement to the Royal and Noble Authors; and ſome ſingle leaves.

ART.

ART. II.

THE OLD FRENCH POEMS REFERRED TO, VOL. II. p. 73.

Combien eſt heureuſe la vie de Celuy qui fait ſa demeure aux champs, par Philippe de Vitrac, Eveſque de Meaux.

Sous feuille verde, ſur herbe delectable,
Sur ruy bruyant, et ſur claire fontaine,
Trouvay fichée une borde portable,
La mangeoit Gontier avec dame Helene.

Frais fromage, laict, beurre fromagée,
Creſme, maton, prune, noix, pomme, poire,
Cibot, oignon, eſcalogne froyee,
Sur crouſte biſe, au gros ſel, pour mieux boire.

Au goumer beurent, et oiſillons harpoyent,
Pour rebaudir et le dru et la drue;
Qui par amours depuis s'entrebaiſoyent,
Et bouche et née, et polie et barbue.

Quand eurent prins des doux mets de nature,
Tantoſt Gontier, hache au co', au bois entre:
Et dame Helene ſi mit toute ſa cure
A ce buer * qui coeuurs dos et ventre.

* To waſh linnen.

J'oui Gontier, en abbattant ſon arbre,
Dieu mercier de ſa vie tres ſeure:
" Ne ſcay, dit il, que ſoint piliers de marbre,
" Pommeaux luiſans, mure veſtue de peinture.

" Je n'ay paour de trahiſon, tiſſue
" Sous bien ſemblant; ne qu'empoiſonné ſoye
" En vaiſſeau d'or. Je n'ay la teſte nue
" Devant tyran, ny genouil qui ſe ploye.

" Verge d'huiſſier jamais ne me deboute,
" Car juſques la ne me prend convoitiſe.
" Ambition ne leſcherie gloute:
" Labour me paiſt en joyeuſe franchiſe.

" J'aym dame Heleine, et elle moy ſans faille,
" Et c'eſt aſſez: de tombel n'avons cure."
Lors dis, Helas! Serf de cour na vaut maille!
Mais franc Gontier vaut en or gemme pure!

Combien

Combien eſt miſerable la vie du Tyran: par Pierre d'Alliac, Eveſque de Cambray.

Un chaſteau ſcay ſur roche eſpouventable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuſe:
La vy tyran, ſeant a haute table,
En grand palais, en ſale plantureuſe.

Environné de famille pompeuſe,
Pleine de fraude, d'envie, et de murmure;
Vuide de foy, d'amour, de paix joyeuſe,
Serve ſubjecte par convoiteuſe ardure.

Vins et viandes avoit il ſans meſure,
Chairs et poiſſons occis en mainte guiſe;
Froucts, et ſauſſes de diverſe teincture,
Et entremets faicts par art a deviſe.

Le mal glouton par tous guerte et adviſe,
Pour appetit trouver, et quiert maniere
Comment ſa bouche, de leſcherie eſpriſe,
Son ventre empliſſe comm' bourſe pantonniere.

Mais ſac à fiene, pulente cimetiere,
Sepulcre à vin, corps bouffi, craſſe panſe,
Pour tous ſes biens en ſoy n' alie chiere,
Car ventre ſaoul n'a en ſaveur plaiſance.

Ne le delite, jeu, ris, bal, ne danſe,
Car tant convoite, tant quiert, et tant deſire,
Qu'en rien qu'il ayt n'a vraye ſuffiſance;
Acquerir veut ou Royaume ou Empire.

Pour avarice ſent douloureux martire;
Trahiſon doute, en nully ne ſe fie:
Cœur a felon, enflé d'orgueil et d'ire,
Triſte, penſif, plein de melancolie.

Las, trop mieux vaut de franc Gontier la vie,
Sobre lieſſe, et nette poureté,
Que pourſuyvir, par orde gloutonnie,
Cour de tyran, riche malheureté!

ART.

ART. III.

TWO LETTERS FROM HORACE WALPOLE TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

LETTER I.

Berkeley-ſquare, Dec. 1, 1781.

I AM truly ſenſible of, and grateful for, your lordſhip's benevolent remembrance of me, and ſhall receive with great reſpect and pleaſure, the collection your lordſhip has been pleaſed to order to be ſent to me. I muſt admire too, my lord, the generous aſſiſtance that you have lent to your adopted children; but more forcibly than all I feel your pathetic expreſſions on the diſtreſs of the public, which is viſible even in this extravagant and thoughtleſs city. The number of houſes to be let in every ſtreet, whoever runs may read. At the time of your writing your letter, your lordſhip did not know the accumulation of misfortune and diſgrace that has fallen on us; nor ſhould I wiſh to be the trumpeter of my country's calamities. Yet as they muſt float on

on the ſurface of the mind, and blend their hue with all its emanations, they ſuggeſt this reflection, that there can be no time ſo proper for the inſtitution of inquiries into paſt ſtory as the moment of the fall of an empire—a nation becomes a theme for antiquaries, when it ceaſes to be one for an hiſtorian!—and while its ruins are freſh and in legible preſervation.

I congratulate your lordſhip on the diſcovery of the Scottiſh monarch's portrait in Suabia, and am ſorry you did not happen to ſpecify of which; but I cannot think of troubling your lordſhip to write again on purpoſe; I may probably find it mentioned in ſome of the papers I ſhall receive.

There is one paſſage in your lordſhip's letter, in which I cannot preſume to think myſelf included; and yet if I could ſuppoſe I was, it would look like moſt impertinent neglect and unworthineſs of the honour that your lordſhip and the ſociety has done me, if I did not at leaſt offer very humbly to obey it. You are pleaſed to ſay, my lord, that the members, when authors, have agreed to give

give copies of ſuch of their works as any way relate to the objects of the inſtitution. Amongſt my very trifling publications, I think there are none that can pretend even remotely to that diſtinction, but the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and the Anecdotes of Painting, in each of which are Scottiſh authors or artiſts. If theſe ſhould be thought worthy of a corner on any ſhelf of the ſociety's library, I ſhould be proud of ſending, at your lordſhip's command, the original edition of the firſt. Of the latter I have not a ſingle ſet left but my own. But I am printing a new edition in octavo, with many additions and corrections, though without cuts, as the former edition was too dear for many artiſts to purchaſe. The new I will ſend when finiſhed, if I could hope it would be acceptable, and your lordſhip would pleaſe to tell me by what channel.

I am aſhamed, my lord, to have ſaid ſo much, or any thing, relating to myſelf. I aſk you pardon too for the ſlovenly writing of my letter, but my hand is both lame and ſhaking, and I ſhould but write worſe if I

attempted tranſcribing. I have the honour to be, with great reſpect,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient

and obliged, humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. It has this moment ſtarted into my mind, my lord, that I have heard that at the old caſtle at Aubigny, belonging and adjoining to the Duke of Richmond's houſe, there are hiſtoric paintings or portraits of the ancient houſe of Lennox. I recollect too that Father Gordon, ſuperior of the Scots college at Paris, ſhewed me a whole length of Queen Mary, young, and which he believed was painted while ſhe was Queen of France. He ſhewed me too the original letter ſhe wrote the night before her execution, ſome deeds of Scottiſh kings, and one of King (I think Robert) Bruce, remarkable for having no ſeal appendent, which, Father Gordon ſaid, was executed

executed in the time of his ſo great diſtreſs that he was not poſſeſſed of a ſeal. I ſhall be happy if theſe hints lead to any inveſtigation of uſe.

LETTER II.

Strawberry-hill, May 12, 1783.

MY LORD,

I DID not know, till I received the honour of your lordſhip's letter, that any obſtruction had been given to your charter. I congratulate your lordſhip and the ſociety on the defeat of that oppoſition, which does not ſeem to have been a liberal one. The purſuit of national antiquities has rarely been an object, I believe, with any univerſity: why ſhould they obſtruct others from marching in that track? I have often thought the Engliſh Society of Antiquaries have gone out of their way when they meddled with Roman remains, eſpecially if not diſcovered within our iſland. Were I to ſpeak out, I ſhould own that I hold moſt reliques of the Romans, that have

have been found in Britain, of little conſequence, unleſs relating to ſuch emperors as viſited us. Provincial armies ſtationed in ſo remote and barbarous a quarter as we were then, acted little, produced little worth being remembered. Tombſtones erected to legionary officers and their families, now dignified by the title of *Inſcriptions*; and banks and ditches that ſurrounded camps, which we underſtand much better by books and plans, than by ſuch faint fragments, are given with much pomp, and tell us nothing new. Your lordſhip's new foundation ſeems to proceed on a much more rational and more uſeful plan. The biography of the illuſtrious of your country will be an honour to Scotland, to thoſe illuſtrious, and to the authors; and may contribute conſiderably to the general hiſtory; for the inveſtigation of particular lives may bring out many anecdotes that may unfold ſecrets of ſtate, or explain paſſages in ſuch hiſtories as have been already written; eſpecially as the manners of the times may enter into private biography, though before

Voltaire

Voltaire *manners* were rarely weighed in general hiſtory, though very often the ſources of conſiderable events. I ſhall be very happy to ſee ſuch lives as ſhall be publiſhed, while I remain alive.

I cannot contribute any thing of conſequence to your lordſhip's meditated account of John Law. I have heard many anecdotes of him, though none that I can warrant, particularly that of the duel for which he fled early. I met the other day with an account in ſome French literary gazette, I forget which, of his having carried off the wife of another man. Lady Catherine Law his wife lived, during his power in France, in the moſt ſtately manner. Your lordſhip knows to be ſure that he died and is buried at Venice. I have two or three different prints of him, and an excellent head of him in crayons by Roſalba, the beſt of her portraits. It is certainly very like, for were the flowing wig converted into a female head-dreſs, it would be the exact reſemblance of Lady Wallingford, his daughter, whom I ſee frequently at the Ducheſs of Montroſe's, and who has by no means a look

of

of the age to which ſhe is arrived. Law was a very extraordinary man, but not at all an eſtimable one.

Dr. Hunter's magnificent future donation will be a great addition to the collection of curioſities in Scotland, though, I ſuppoſe, not much connected with the purſuits of your ſociety: but it will gratify the thirſt of knowledge which does your country, my lord, ſo much honour.

I ſhall wiſh much to ſee Lord Hailes's life of Barclay, and the other of James Iſt. when finiſhed, and that of the regent Murray. May I aſk your lordſhip if there is any portrait known of the laſt?

I don't remember whether I ever told your lordſhip that there are many charters of your ancient kings preſerved in the Scots college at Paris, and probably many other curioſities. I think I did mention many paintings of the old houſe of Lenox in the ancient caſtle at Aubigny. Was not one of your countrymen, my lord, conſtable of France? I ſuſpect my memory is worſe than it was, and therefore you will excuſe me

both

both, if I make miſtakes, forget names, or repeat what I have ſaid before, when zeal to obey your commands draws me into blunders or tautology. I have the honour to be

Your lordſhip's

Moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

ART. IV.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOUR anecdote concerning Lady Wortley Montague, containing the aſſertion—"When the publication was about to take place, Lord Bute, who had married her daughter, ſent for the editor, and offered one hundred pounds to ſuppreſs them. The man took the money, promiſed—and publiſhed"—is a groſs miſtake. My worthy and intimate friend, the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, of Rotterdam, who died during the American conteſt, informed me, in ſome of thoſe annual viſits he paid to Ipſwich (where I was once ſettled), and to London, to the following purpoſe: When Lady Mary Wortley Montague was returning from the continent to England, ſhe reſided for a while at Rotterdam, waiting for a twenty-gun frigate to bring her ſafely over, as it was a time of war. During her ſtay Mr. Sowden waited upon her. His good-ſenſe, agreeable converſation, and ſuitable

ſuitable conduct, were ſo pleaſing to her ladyſhip, that ſhe made him a preſent of her manuſcript letters; and, in her own handwriting, atteſted her having given them to Mr. Sowden. Lady Bute having been informed (probably by Lady Montague's chaplain), that the manuſcripts of her ladyſhip were in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Sowden, claimed them of him. He conſulted, if I miſtake not, among others, Meſſrs Cliffords, the bankers. Lord Bute was acquainted with the particular donation of them to Mr. Sowden. The giving them up was ſtill urged. At length Meſſrs. Cliffords and Mr. Sowden concluding, that a proper acknowledgment for ſo valuable a manuſcript treaſure would undoubtedly be made, the letters were ſafely conveyed to Lady Bute. No acknowledgment was made. The letters were ſhortly after publiſhed, and had an amazing ſale. This raiſed the ſpirits of Meſſrs Cliffords and Sowden, and ſuch meaſures were taken, that the latter was preſented with three hundred pounds. It was at length diſcovered, that a Scotchman, who was to enjoy the whole pro-

fits of the impreſſion, paid the three hundred pounds. I remember, that meeting Mr. Sowden afterwards at Mr. Field's, the bookſeller, the latter ſaid to the former, if we had poſſeſſed the publiſhing and ſale of them jointly, we ſhould each have gotten three hundred pounds.

Your humble ſervant,

St. Neot's,
April 9, 1798. WILLIAM GORDON.

*** This tale is far from being clearly told. Perhaps for *editor*, in Mr. Walpole's account of the tranſaction, we ſhould read *bookſeller*. The matter is, indeed, of little moment, the chief object being the authenticity of Lady M. W. Montague's letters, which Mr. Gordon's ſtory confirms.

Several other epiſtles concerning the Walpoliana are omitted, as proceeding on mere miſapprehenſion, or difference of opinion.

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